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ROSES AND LILIES.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

Oh, what shall I gather
To make thee a crown—
What blossoms whose beauty
May equal thine own?
I'll gather red roses, the sweetest e'r seen;
I'll crown thee with roses, red roses, my queen!

Oh, what shall I gather
To make thee a crown
Whose colorless beauty
Is pure as thy own?
I'll gather white lilies—unsullied, serene;
I'll crown thee with lilies, white lilies, my queen!

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(CONTINUED.)

WHAT had Lilian been holding when Lord Silverdale entered? What had she kissed?

It could not be a letter—a photograph!

Why not?

Like a flash he thought of Geoffrey Damyn.

No—not his picture. She was in no way disloyal. He would not believe it. *Probably* a treasured *carte* of his own.

But he would see.

He whirled about, crossed the room to the cabinet.

There he hesitated.

A certain delicacy, a sense of honor withheld his hand.

Ought he to pry into her secrets? Bah? he had the right. She should have no secrets from him.

For a gust of the tempest men call jealousy was once more surging through heart and brain.

He dropped on one knee.

What was that sound?

Just Captain Richardson, in the room across the corridor, singing, as he put the finishing touches to his toilet, a snatch of the comical rhyme with which Mr. O'Donnell had favored them last evening.

It was all about St. Patrick and a dispute concerning the hour of his birth.

"No man can have two birthdays, berrin' he's twins!" carolled the dashing soldier.

And then the Earl heard him swing out of his room and down the stairs.

Breakfast would be delayed for him. He must hurry.

One quick, firm pressure of the little brazen knob.

The drawer sprang out. He glanced within, and bounded to his feet with an oath.

One object only the compartment contained. That was no letter, no pictured face, no trivial love token.

It was a revolver!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was many and many a year ago since Silverdale Castle had seen such a day as that Christmas Eve—a busy, bustling, mirthful, exhilarating, altogether delightful day.

For the house was overflowing with young people, fashionable people, debonair, pleasant, witty, cultured people.

All the guest chambers were in use. Late though the invitations had been issued, those fortunate enough to receive them were more than willing to accept.

In the first place it was an honor to be asked to Silverdale Castle. In the second, there was a vast deal of curiosity to be satisfied regarding the Earl's beautiful young bride. So all who could come had come, and some of the county people living at a distance had arrived early in the day, according to a hospitable custom, to avoid the long night drive to the ball.

There was an immense deal of cooking going on in the kitchen, an immense deal of decorating and wreathing of mistletoe and garlanding of ivy and holly progressing in the hall and library and dining-room, a tremendous lot of laughter and fun and flirtation everywhere.

And the most nimble-footed, light-hearted, quick fingered, gayest of them all was Lady Iva.

She planned the arches, she ran up step-ladders, she ordered her devoted corps of assistants right and left; she sang sweet, quaint, Christmas carols; she played with the babies, of which there were a few present; she made Lionel Curzon (who had sauntered over) miserable with a look when he assumed an air of proprietorship, and gave Sir Geoffrey Damyn a scrap of holly, which he wore in his buttonhole all day.

Blithe, tireless, she was here, there and everywhere at once—

"A glad, shy, blue-eyed, winsome sprite,
A joyous, romping, goodly sight,
In girdle blue and robe of white."

"Look!" cried Captain Richardson. "We are going to have a genuine, old-fashioned Christmas in more ways than one."

They crowded to the windows.

Sure enough it was beginning to snow—not the great, soft flakes which are gone almost as soon as they come, but fine, dense, impenetrable masses.

They cried out in delight.

How pretty the park looked! Why, the white carpet would be deep and fair by night!

"Little mamma," cried Lady Iva, "was there ever such a lovely Christmas as this is going to be?"

The Countess, moving among her guests, gracious, courteous, altogether charming, smiled brightly back at her.

The hours passed. Without, the fine, powdery snow thicker and thicker fell. Within, the ringing voices grew louder, the laughter sweeter.

The Earl, wandering vainly round in search of solitude, found himself at last in the library.

He went into a little alcove divided by portieres from the main room. Here he flung himself down. He had a book in his hand, but he was not reading. His handsome, ruddy, Saxon face looked grave and haggard.

That thing in the secret drawer! He could not banish the recollection of it. And she had kissed it—the clumsy, villainous-looking, revolver! Loaded too! Why did she keep it? Where had she secured it? Why, and again why?

He lay there, screened by the portieres striving to plausibly puzzle it out, and failing.

Listen! They were trooping into the library. A sense of irritation came over him. It ended in self-reproach. Why should they not enjoy themselves? The majority of them were young. No one was likely to intrude on him here.

So, not even dozing, but still as if asleep, he leaned his head against his cushioned chair drowsily, seeing without being seen, lazily listening to the flying fun.

They were arranging trails of ivy over the mantel, hanging wreaths from the bookcases, twisting holly around the picture-frames.

On a step-ladder directly under the chandelier stood Lady Iva. Her beautiful face was an angel aglow.

It was hardly proud at all now, just sweet and tender, and full of childish pleasure.

"Oh, Lady Iva!"

It was Sir Geoffrey Damyn who cried: "Your ivy is failing—let me secure it!"

He sprang up the ladder two steps—three. His head was level with hers now. He flung one hand upward, the other around her, bent forward, kissed her!

Lionel Curzon saw it all. His blood boiled. His whole nature rose in arms. He loved her. He was nearest to her, and he had never kissed her.

He strode forward. In the alcove the Earl sat straight up. A sudden silence had fallen on the others.

Lady Iva leaned pantingly against the highest step of the ladder, crimson from brow to chin. Laughing rather forcedly, Damyn jumped down. "It was fair enough," he cried, with an air of bravado. "It was under the mistletoe. I held this above her head—see!"

Sure enough he had in his fingers a white-berried spray.

No one spoke.

But Lionel Curzon, white as ashes, caught the young nobleman by the shoulder.

He was terribly excited. His nostrils were dilated. His splendid velvety-brown eyes were black with rage.

"That was taking an unmanly advantage, Damyn."

The other flushed up to his blonde hair.

What right had this fellow to criticise him?

He was beginning to think himself he had acted like a cad.

He shook off his hand.

"Who appointed you Lady Iva's protector?"

The tone was insulting. The Earl started to his feet.

"Hush!" cried Iva.

She came down. She was white enough now—colorless as her gown.

The men drew apart. But Lionel said, and every one present heard him as they remembered to his shame—later, to his abhorrence and condemnation,—

"Your question I shall answer to-morrow. May you relish the reply!"

CHAPTER XXXV.

"The snow and the silence came down together." There had not been such a December in Sussex for years—such cold, such snow. There would surely be skating.

The afternoon had darkened down. Kettle-drum was over. There was no attempt to dress for the early and informal dinner.

And now there was no sound in the Castle save the occasional twang of musicians tuning their instruments.

For all the guests, as well as the inmates of the household, were closeted in their dressing-rooms.

And still unceasingly, soft as rose petals, pure as a girl's first love-dream, the snow came down.

My lady smiled. She sat in her dressing gown before her great, gold-bound mirror.

Her maid was twisting the pretty, curly hair into an artistically-rebellious mass above the small head.

But it was not contentment with her own beauty which curved so charmingly the red young mouth.

Had not Harold told her an hour ago, watching her more closely than she imagined all the time, that Geoffrey Damyn had asked him for Iva?

When on a former occasion, driving home from Rothlyn together, he had suggested the probability of such an occurrence, she had cried out in shocked dissent.

But now all at once it had flashed on her that Iva was to be the price of his silence. She imagined it was that day Geoffrey had spoken, whereas it really was before he had recognized her at all.

But if he were to marry Iva, his lips would be sealed for ever. He could not then degrade her without branding himself.

She had looked up at the Earl.

"I am very glad to hear it."

Endeavoring so earnestly to conceal her delight—for the fact that Iva might refuse him had not dawned on her—her voice sounded peculiarly constrained.

Lord Silverdale, with ears grown jealously keen, detected the false ring. He misconstrued it.

She was striving to dissemble, and she could not do it; her voice betrayed her. His information had been a blow.

"You have changed your mind about it then, Lilian?"

"Yes."

There was certainly no more to say. He went away more sullen browed than ever, though this she did not perceive.

And she delivered herself to her maid and sat smiling abstractedly, while that painstaking person twisted in and around her dark crown of hair, the slender, golden wire all set with diamonds, which in the Silverdale jewels took the place of the usual awkward tiara.

Did a pang of pity for her stepdaughter cross her mind? She had been very anxious to save her from him until to day; but now he must be kept dumb at any cost.

And surely Iva would consent. She was feverishly eager now that she should do so. What could be her reason for rejecting him? He was young, good-looking, blue-blooded, wealthy.

Mechanically she dressed. She did not even glance at herself in the glass when her toilet was completed.

She took up her fan, a priceless toy all point and pearl and gems, which had belonged to La Pompadour.

She went out, along the upper hall, down the grand stairway. She was the first to descend, evidently.

Just under the niched statue of a marble Minerva she paused, looked below. What a fairyland it all was!

The brilliant, spacious, deserted rooms, which would echo so soon to the music's strain and the beat of dancing feet; under the mantels, which were the pride of the Castle—ebony, Carrara and even malachite, each bearing a medallion blazoned with the Silverdale arms—cherry red fires burned in beds of polished steel.

The noiseless tread of trained servants came and went. Now and then sounded from the ball-room a snatch of melody from "violin, flute and bassoon."

Everywhere was holly, ivy, mistletoe, chaplets the mailed guards at the foot of the stairway, wreathing the columns of the vestibule. And everywhere, too, were flowers, choice hot-house blooms—banks of them, screens of them, picturesquely careless masses of them.

There was the lustre and warmth of costly draperies, the glitter of gold plate and crystal in the banqueting hall, the musical plash of perfumed waters, and in the dim conservatory the frozen beauty of rare statuary and the grace and greenery of stately palms.

And she, the discarded lover of Captain Geoffrey Damyn, was the lady of the Castle and the mistress of it all!

Her heart thrilled exultantly at the thought.

With her dark, bediamonded head unconsciously held a little higher than usual, she passed on down the remaining steps, through the drawing-room.

With no definite object, just taking a pleased survey of it all, she traversed the quiet room.

Who was that there?

Suddenly she paused.

Lilian!

Then she actually laughed aloud, for it was her own reflection which had startled her.

The wall directly ahead was panelled with a series of sunken mirrors, with pillars of carved and fluted ebony intervening.

She stood there quite a long time, simply looking at the picture which the glistening surface presented.

She had never dreamed, she told herself frankly and without the slightest vanity, that she was half so pretty.

But that was not the word at all. It did not express enough. Far more than pretty was the vision there.

Look for yourself.

A small but perfectly proportioned little creature, clad in a rich and simple gown of fair and shining satin. Save for the long Suede gloves, the slender but rounded arms were bare.

A quaint puff capped the shoulders. The corsage, pointed back and front and ruffled with exquisite Honiton, showed to perfection the smooth throat, around which flashed and sparkled the splendid Silverdale diamonds.

They clasped the laces of her gown, they quivered like drops of sun-kissed dew from her pink ears, and the dusky hair, so deftly had Jane fulfilled her task, seemed literally powdered with the white flecks of flame.

But her jewels were scarcely brighter than the grey, shining eyes; and the cheeks, which had grown so thin of late, were the tint of June carnations.

She roused herself, moved away. It was delightful to be young and rich and beautiful. She was hardly that, though, she thought. Iva was beautiful.

How quickly she must have dressed! None of the others had yet come down.

Still in a smiling reverie, she lightly went on into the lantern lit conservatory. Through the domed and fragrant place, trailing her shimmering satin behind her languidly she walked.

How hushed the air! Never a sound save the silver drip of the fountains. How warm the place! how full of heavy, subtle perfume.

She felt tired, but her weariness was half a sensation of rest.

She sank down on a rustic seat, leaned back. Then she became conscious of a gaze fastened upon her.

Almost against her will she looked up. Directly opposite, looking aristocratic and handsome in traditional evening costume, stood Sir Geoffry Damyn.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE Countess half rose. Then she nodded in careless, friendly fashion, and sank back in her seat. She must not let him see the prospect of a tete-a-tete disturbed her.

He bowed low. But there was a boldness, a recklessness in his glance she did not like to encounter.

"I hardly hoped for this opportunity of speaking alone to your ladyship."

The tone was studiously respectful. She bowed coldly.

If he must speak, let him do so, now and get it over. Better than if there were others around.

"If I have time before the festivities begin I would like to tell you a story—possibly," as she would have interrupted him, "one you have heard before."

He was very pale; his voice sounded strange and stern. Again she inclined the proud, dark head, lit with flashes of prisoned light.

"A few years ago—a very few years ago," he began, "a certain young officer in one of Her Majesty's regiments met and fell in love with a captivating child."

Heavens! how queer it was that he, Geoffry Damyn, should be coolly standing here, under her husband's roof, telling her that tale!

But she made no sign.

"A plucky one, on my soul," the man said to himself.

But he had laid out his work. It was cut and dried for him. He must proceed.

"He was poor, but had expectations. Such also was her position. But they loved each other—foolish pair—they really did."

The Countess felt her heart beating loud and fast. Had he any particular purpose in this recital? Or was it only a piece of maliciousness from first to last?

"So they were secretly married," pursued the slow, cynical, weary voice. "They went away to an insignificant seacoast town. And they were blissfully, nonsensically, absurdly happy for six short weeks."

There was a quiver in the final, languidly spoken words.

Real or feigned? who could tell?

The Countess sat up more straightly. It was choking her, that quick, fierce throbbing in her side.

He leaned against the huge majolica pedestal whereon stood a pink and blossoming oleander.

The Countess stirred impatiently. He observed the movement.

"I shall not keep you much longer. Well, she went back to town—he to his regiment. He was soon to sail for Calcutta. The parting would be bitter; but, after all, why should he fear it? Would he not leave behind him a true heart, a loving heart, a loyal heart? And how sweet would be his welcome home!"

How dare he tell her this? Did he for one instant suppose she would believe it? Was he trying to clear himself now to her—to her who knew him—that without opposition from him, he might marry Lord Silverdale's daughter? How dare he? But let him finish as he had commenced.

She shut her teeth tightly, and said no word.

"But the day after their return to London he heard—no matter how—that she whom he had loved and honored enough to make his wife was faithless!

Such a plausible fabrication! Paltry, too tough.

She fairly sickened. It was carrying fraud too far—that he should try to deceive her. The story would stand no test—would not hold water, as the old saying goes. But if he could succeed in cramming it down her throat, she would not influence Iva Romaine against him.

What a farce?

A thorough contempt thrilled her.

He did not look like a man that was lying. He was white as his expansive shirt-bosom. His blonde, dark eyed face was weary to sadness.

But it was all of a piece, she told herself, angrily—all a very clever bit of acting. She could do fairly well in that line herself.

For the first time since he had begun his narrative, she honored him with an appearance of interest.

Slowly she lifted her lashes, and let her gaze rest on him.

It would have been a stupid man indeed—and Sir Geoffrey Damyn was anything but that—who failed to comprehend all that glance implied.

He did not quail under its half-smiling, half scornful incredulity.

"Faithless," he reiterated, "yes."

Ten feet away the leaves of a banana-tree rustled. But neither heard.

She smiled faintly.

"Is it worth while telling such a romance to me?"

Her speech was very gentle. But the words stung.

"Why not?" he flared out. "Who has a better right to hear?"

She rose. If he was going to insult her out-right—to keep her here like a bayed animal—

Hark!

Again the long leaves rustled. And now she heard. She could see no one in the swift glance she sent around.

A guest might easily, though, enter unperceived by the other arch. The must be careful. She must betray nothing.

"He didn't believe it, of course," dropping into his customary tired way of talking, as though speech was hardly worth the necessary trouble; "in fact, he thrashed the man who told him of it within an inch of his life. But it was true, all the same."

"True!"

It spite of herself she echoed it.

It could not—could not be! And yet if by an amazing blunder he had really thought so—

All capability for calm, judicious reasoning was gone. Her head was in one wild whirl.

"He proved it!"

She reeled backward. One hand, outflung, caught for support at the chair from which she just had risen.

Proved it! What was he saying? Oh, it was impossible! She could not ask. Her eyes dilated till the pupils looked unnaturally large and black. The look questioned him. In it was fear, dismay, and a wild hope.

It was his turn to smile bitterly.

"Is it worth while to feign ignorance?" he queried, coldly.

She took a step forward. Her diamonds caught the light and blazed.

"For Heaven's sake!"

The appeal was fairly panted. He stared, shrugged his shoulders.

If she insisted, very well!

Under the rosy beauty of the oleander blooms he leaned his elbow on the pedestal, his head on his hand.

"He followed her one evening. She met, by appointment undoubtedly, a good-looking young fellow. They entered a cab, and were driven to a shabby part of the city. The cab stopped at a lodging house. They entered. They did not emerge that night."

The Countess did not seem to breathe. No statue of stone in the greenery was more still, more silent than she.

But out of her face had gone its glow, its youth; almost, one would have thought, life itself.

But Sir Geoffrey Damyn did not even see her. He had forgotten the present in the past.

"It rained—the watcher did not mind that. He stood without till day broke—till the city was astir. Then they appeared. The cab summoned drove up. With many a kiss and warm embrace and loving word they parted. The man who had been convinced of his disgrace—his because hers—went home and apologized to his own servant for the thrashing he had given him. He sent her back her poor love tokens. He left England."

It was told.

A silence, brief but almost unendurable, so full of pain it was, fell upon them.

"And now—"

She raised herself erect, stopped him with a gesture.

Just beyond the long leaves of a banana tree she had caught a glimpse of the Earl's frowning face.

"Hush!"

Damyn gave her a glance of astonishment. He had intended to ask her about the child at the Lodge; to question her concerning the scar upon her palm—indeed, for all this had he begun.

"Listen!"—it seemed strange that from so corpse-like a face speech could proceed—"listen, Geoffrey Damyn. The man whom you saw with the woman you say you loved was her brother—her step brother—but dear to her as could be one of her own!"

She would tell him the truth, the truth fifty times over, rather than he should have an opportunity to ask, while the Earl (unseen by him) lingered there, a single question about the betraying scar—about baby Willie.

His lip curled.

"She had no brother!" he said.

Her ear caught the sound of voices on the grand stairway. The guests were descending.

"None you know of, perhaps, for he had been guilty of embezzlement; was dead to his family and friends. In London he met his sister. He told her he had added to his depravity in the eyes of his family by marrying a former governess of his sister's, who, in spite of his fall, believed in his promise to retrieve, to atone. They were going to sail on the morrow for Australia; there they would begin life anew. He begged her to go and see his wife. She did so—stayed with them all that night. They sailed next day. The ship was wrecked. She was drowned—his true wife; he was saved. He lives in Melbourne to-day."

Was it, could it be aught but a shameless canard—a ruse to clear herself?

Piercingly the consciousness thrilled him. It was true!

Stunned, bewildered, he stood there, stared at her. His breath was coming hoarse and fast. Had they both been deceived?

And now what lay before?

A voice!

They started guiltily.

The Earl!

Silent, haughty, handsome, he stood before them.

"May I ask the reason for Sir Geoffrey's confidence; for"—bowing to the Countess—"your explanation?"

He had heard then!

How much?

Quite regardless of the present complication, of the answers Sir Geoffrey Damyn would demand, or anything save the necessity of averting a scene now, her ladyship spoke.

Between them, in her shimmering satin, her glittering diamonds, cold and white and beautiful she stood.

"Sir Geoffrey has been telling me of an old romance of his. He feared the possibility of his pretty inamorata being alive. He throws now, as you know, his heart at Iva's feet. And so he sought a mediator—sought wisely, as it happened, for"—rippling and silvery her laugh rings out—"for I can reassure him. He is wholly free, I knew her of whom he speaks. She is dead!"

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MAMMA! oh, mamma!"

Through the lighted, scented air, over the plashing of the fountains and the prelude of the band, they heard the happy young voice calling.

And then she caught sight of the trio near the giant oleander.

"I have found you, you laggards!" she cried.

Under the many hued Chinese lamps between the hedges of leafiness and bloom swiftly she came.

In silence they turned; without a word regarded her.

And what a picture she made! Her gown—of what tint or texture, who shall say?

It was something soft and silken, and airy and shimmering, which blushed as she walked.

In quaintly modern style was the lustrous robe fashioned, with draperies half-drawn through a jewelled chain, and a fall of some silvery-transparent stuff half veiling the lovely arms.

She carried a bunch of roses, long stemmed, pink and pearly. The purely outlined face, with its violet black eyes, its laughing, scarlet lips, its pride, its pleasure its joyousness—how lovely it was!

"I've been searching everywhere for you, and here you are having a cozy chat all by yourselves. Do you know it is almost ten, and the first carriage-load is at the door? And, oh, little mamma, how perfectly adorable you do look!"

My lady laughed.

"Do I? I am afraid I am rather ghastly. Sir Geoffrey has been telling me a tale of love and loss and unfaithfulness which has given me the blues. Shall we go?"

Still smiling she turned to her husband. A quick fear smote her.

What made him look so gloomy, so forbidding? He gave her no answering smile. His mouth was gravely set under his brown beard.

He bowed. In silence he offered her his arm.

And Sir Geoffrey with a tremendous effort recovered himself, turned to Lady Iva with a murmured compliment.

Could he believe the explanation just proffered him? Good Heaven, if it were only true! How in such a case must she not have suffered! And he? Heaven alone knew how bitter the blow had been to him!

In the octagon reception-room, which seemed like a morsel out of a forest dell, all carpeted as it was with thick green velvet, and hung with soft silks of the same hue, the Earl and the Countess of Silverdale stood to receive their guests.

At either side of the main entrance stood liveried servants.

Carriages rolled up, paused, and rolled away.

Through the wreathed door-way, into the dazzle, the warmth, the per ume the music, fast and still faster they came.

A notable gathering. People who prided themselves on their seclusion as well as their exclusiveness were present to-night.

For so many years Silverdale Castle had been dreary and untenanted, this truly was a gala occasion, when a Lady Silverdale, a beauty and a bride, would for the first time receive under her husband's roof.

And so, as has been said, they all came trooping up and in, laughing and snow flecked, and vanished in dressing-rooms, to reappear shortly, brilliant as any flitting thing ever from chrysalis evolved.

There were dowagers in stiff brocade and dignity to match; old beaux in broadcloth and "antique gallantry" arrayed; young matrons, striving to be sedate; girls, pretty and plain, all in festal attire; a sprinkling of military men from Rothlyn; and a crowd of brilliant, clever, well-dressed men and woman from London.

And for each and all the new Countess of Silverdale had a smile, a handclasp, and a gracious word.

Would they never cease coming? Not that she wearried—no. The scene, the display, the importance of the affair, held for her both charm and novelty.

Determinedly she had put out of her head the story of Geoffrey Damyn had told her.

She must not recall it—not now at least, she had told herself. How gladly, gratefully she would have heard it, given it credence, a year ago! To-night she had almost hoped it was a lie. But, no! she had gone with poor Charlie to see his wife, just as he had said. Ah, she would not remember—at least not now!

And so, with excitement, with gracious interest in all that was occurring, with compelling the tribute of admiration, with wit of words and merriness of mood, she

kept thought at bay.

Lord Silverdale did not strive to blindfold himself. He saw, all the time he welcomed his guests with stately cordiality, a vast deal more than he cared to behold.

There was something behind that story in the conservatory. What? He could not tell. But he knew his wife would never grow pale as her gown on hearing of some unfortunate love affair of Geoffrey Damyn's.

She had been immensely affected that was evident.

Why? And why should Damyn insist with such strange phrases, in confiding in her? He would find out. He would sift this business to the bottom. If Captain Damyn had had any part in her past life he would know how much, and when, and where! Should he demand a plain unvarnished tale from him? Oh, no! And yet—

He talked and laughed and jested, sauntered through quadrilles, listened to rhapsodies concerning his wife, discussed Irving's latest venture, danced a waltz with Nora Dallas, and brought Mrs. Vere an ice.

But never for one moment did he forget that a drama was being played within his home of which he could not find the key. And the longer he pondered the deeper grew his jealousy, and the darker his suspicions.

Every significant incident since Damyn had come to the house recurred to him, from the moment when he in the hall had heard Damyn greet his wife with the wild cry "Marguerite!" to the half-insolent question the gentleman had asked an hour or two ago in the conservatory, "Is it worth while to feign ignorance?"

Eleven—half past! And now the ball was at its height.

Merry and loud, and low and sweet, crashed and pulsed the music. And to its throb the brilliant throng moved, and surged and drifted.

But Sir Geoffrey Damyn did not dance. Leaning against a slender granite column, he looked on the gay scene with gloomy eyes.

He had looked forward so to to-night. Had he not decided to speak to Lady Iva before Christmas day dawned.

But he felt fairly dazed. If what the Countess had told him was not a lie, he must put aside his scorn and hate for the woman he had wedded—the woman who was dead.

But was she dead? If so, how came the Countess of Silverdale to wear her face, her voice the very scar upon her palm.

He felt bewildered. It was Lilian Woodville whom Lord Silverdale had wedded.

How, then, could Marguerite be his wife? But was he sure it was Marguerite, who had loved him and lived with him and made life paradise for him for a few weeks by the sea—this proud little lady, so dazzling in her bridal raiment, with jewels few royal houses could boast flashing in hair and throat? Yes, yes! there could be no mistake!

And yet—Bah it was impossible.

So one fit of pondering came to an end, to be succeeded by another still more chaotic and unsatisfactory.

Perhaps to-morrow he would see light. If this woman who had told him in the conservatory that his lost love was true—if she and that wife mourned as dead, and worse, were one and the same, then he was still lawfully married and the Earl—. The very idea was appalling. Oh, there must be a solution! Such a state of affairs was not conceivable.

Nevertheless—and he smiled grimly at the thought—he was certainly in neither the mood nor position to propose to any one. For the present he must avoid further matrimonial entanglement.

Lady Iva, enchanting and fair as any princess of fairly lore, noticed, as she floated by him, that intensely dismal expression of his.

And he had not asked for a single dance. Did he fear he had offended her past forgiveness this afternoon? She was angry at the time. He had seemed ashamed of his rash act when they met in the drawing-room a moment before dinner. After all, he was her father's friend and guest. It would not do for her to make the brief remainder of his visit unpleasant by resentment. The greatest courtcousness possible would be forgetfulness. And he did look forlorn!

"Sir Knight of the rueful countenance, tell me thy woes, I pray!"

Her partner had whirled her to his side and then rushed off for her intentionally mislaid fan.

He turned quickly. Before him was a tall and slender figure, robed in clinging, faint-flowered Indian silk—a girlish face, full of mischief and mirth, and the luminous excitement of enjoyment.

He bowed gravely.

"My woes are my sins, fair lady. Wouldst thou grant me pardon?"

And so her surmise was right. He had been glooming over his boldness of the afternoon, and so spoiling the evening's fun. Poor fellow!

She did not understand that a ball, however big, or grand, or successful, was in no degree a novelty, rather a bore in fact, to this experienced young man.

And so she, in the first flush and pleasure of it all, actually pitied him.

Slowly, with just a touch of coquetry perhaps, she drew a rose from her bouquet, a half-blown bud, just the hue of the heart of the sea-shell, and held it to him.

"In honor of old King Christmas, Sir Knight, do I grant thee absolution!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

EAGERLY he took the flower and fastened it in his coat.

What shall my thanks be? he queried, "Shall I swear eternal fealty?"

"Oh, no!" laughingly, "I claim no vows."

For the time being, looking on that young, gracious, *riante* face, hearing the soft, gay voice, Sir Geoffrey Damyn almost forgot his constrained and peculiar position.

The last bars of the quadrille sounded. The dancers mingled, straying here and there.

Lady Iva glanced at her programme.

"Where can be my recreant partner? Oh, mamma, isn't it a splendid ball?"

For just then the Countess and Captain Richardson joined them.

"Yes; but I miss Mrs. Trendworth. I wonder why she has not come? Well, I—Why, we were just talking of you—had quite despaired of you!"

This to Mrs. Trendworth herself, who, accompanied by another lady and Mr. O'Donnell, made their way across the room to the little group by the granite pillar.

"So sorry, dear Lady Rossiter; but as we were preparing to come I got a telegram that my friend was coming by the nine-thirty train. So I delayed, and then took the liberty of bringing her with me. Thought it was better to come late than not at all. Permit me to make you known. Lady Clotilde Rayne, the Countess of Silverdale!"

Indeed! the woman whom the mistress of the Castle had been assured Geoffrey Damyn at one time intended to marry!

My lady's pulses thrilled. But she swept the stranger a polished courtesy, and held out her small, gloved hand.

"Any friend of Mrs. Trendworth's is very welcome," she said, with a certain stateliness of cordiality which sat very prettily upon her.

She introduced Iva.

"Sir Geoffrey Damyn," she added, "I believe you know."

To her astonishment they bowed with the cool blankness of strangers.

"I have not that honor," Sir Geoffrey declared.

Was that old story which had driven her desperate a lie out of the whole cloth? the Countess wondered. This meeting seemed to confirm Damyn's assertions. She was bound she would not think of the affair now. She must keep her brain clear, her head cool. But the thought would intrude itself—what if she were rightfully Lady Damyn?

They stood awhile under the tiered and prismed chandelier, talking brightly.

"I'm afraid you're too late to secure any dances, Mr. O'Donnell!" Iva cried, reproachfully.

"My dear," with the familiarity of paternal friendliness, "if I can't have one with you not a foot will I shake to-night."

He was of medium height and broad build. He had a shapely white head, a rosy face and a genial manner.

He adored women in general, and at present Lady Iva Romaine in particular. And he had a good deal of gallantry tucked away somewhere under his black satin waistcoat, a fund of humor, a streak of sentiment and a great and genuine love for old songs and ballads.

"I'm so very sorry, but I haven't a single one left!" she avowed, ruefully. "Ah here is my partner!"

The orchestra had struck up a brisk gallop. The dancers were streaming back.

"Been searching everywhere for you Lady Iva—everywhere, 'pon honor!" panted the auburn-haired and eye-glassed youth. "Thought about Ginevra and the chest and all—"

He stopped.

Was that—who was that? He had only lately affected the eyeglass. He had to remove it to see plainly. Sure enough! He plunged into the little group by the column.

"Thundah!" he exclaimed; "if it isn't Captain Damyn! Whayh in the world did you drop from, Geoff?"

And he wrung the Baronet's listlessly-resigned fingers in a manner ferociously friendly.

"Sir Geoffrey Damyn now, Christie," corrected his hostess with a smile.

"Aw—no! really now! he did die at lawst, didn't he, now? Rum old customer, his uncle," he imparted to the others—"one of those who won't see when they're de trop, you know. I must congratulate you, deah boy! And how's youah wife?"

"Eh?" cried Damyn.

Iva laughed, Mrs. Trendworth indulged in a smile, but the Countess grew suddenly grave.

"Youah wife, don't you know! Lawst time I met you, down at that beastly little seaside town—can't remember the name—they said—people at the place where I stayed—that you were theah on youah honeymoon, don't you know, and that she was just stunningly fetching! Heah, with you, of course? Introduce me, old boy!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

But the "old boy" just drew a long breath, and gave him a look which cut like a knife.

An awkward silence had fallen upon the others.

"You were misinformed, then," in his coolest and most deliberate accents, "or you made a ridiculous blunder. You probably heard I was visiting briefly a friend who was spending his honeymoon there. I," with a lazy laugh, "am so far debarred from all the sweetness and light the pretty word implies."

Very cleverly done! Softly the laces at my lady's bosom rose and fell.

"Aw—really? And now let me offah my condolences. Our dance is beginning, Lady Iva. See you again, Damyn."

And they whirled away as Jimmie Talbot came up to claim the Countess.

Mrs. Trendworth laid her fan against her lips, but Sir Geoffrey laughed tolerantly.

"A good-natured young cub, but awfully soft—believe anything. May I take you to get a glass of sherry, Mrs. Trendworth?"

Twelve!

It boomed out from the great clock in the tower, it struck from the brazen dial in the hall, it rippled and twinkled and chimed all over the great house.

Out swelled the music in a Christmas air, old as the hills, but tender and quaint and sweet—till the falling strains quite died away, the laughter sank, the gay voices ceased.

Then both broke out, blither, cheerier than before.

"Merry Christmas!" they cried to one another. "And many of them—many a merry Christmas!"

Lady Iva, moving through the drawing-room in search of her mother, whom one of the servants wished to see, came on Aunt Clara, resplendent in purple brocade and gold, sitting, fat and forsaken, on a divan.

"All alone?" the girl asked, gaily.

Her only answer to this obviously superfluous remark was to clutch Iva's silken gown as she was passing.

"My dear!"

Such a guttural whisper!

"Yes!"

"I would like to ask you a question?"

Her tone was positively tragic.

"'Lead on Macduff!'" the girl quoted, laughingly.

"Do you think," in a voice which might have proceeded from the Catacombs—"do you think *pate de fois gras* and broiled oysters go together?"

The Earl's daughter burst out laughing.

"I don't know. I suppose so. Why should they not?"

Aunt Clara ruefully shook her lace-capped head.

"I can't be certain, my dear. That is why I am distressed. I ate both for supper, and I do not feel altogether happy—placid, so to speak."

"That is too bad! You would miss so much fun if you are not feeling well."

She would have gone on, but the sister of Sir Stuart Woodville put out a pair of heliotrope-kidded hands protestingly.

"One moment, my love! Do you really think that lobster salad is quite—quite the thing to eat after ice cream?"

Iva laughed.

Perhaps it was a wee bit rude. But how could she help it? She laughed out, loud and sweet.

In the hall Lionel heard the delicious peal and almost caught the infection as he wheeled about and came in.

"I don't—oh, I don't! I think the combination must be poisonous!"

Mrs. Vere groaned.

She clasped her heliotrope hands over her purple brocade stomach.

"It is, my dear!"

And then Iva laughed again.

But the remorseful old dame hardly heard her.

"They both were so good!" she lamented. "Here is Mr. O'Donnell. Coming to speak to you, I know. I must not intrude."

And she turned away, almost into the arms of Lionel Curzon.

"Oh!"

"I beg your pardon!"

He offered her his arm. Hesitatingly she accepted it.

"I am looking for mamma."

"But I was looking for you!" he declared.

How changed his tone! how oddly set and cold and resolute!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He who can endure an insult or injury gains an advantage.

Bric-a-Brac.

FLANNEL KICKING.—One of the most novel uses of the feet was that exhibited by our ancestors in the curious costum called "flannel kicking." This was before modern methods of fulling cloth had been invented, and the housewife's new flannel was literally kicked into the desired thickness by the bare feet of sturdy youngsters or buxom lasses. The flannel was usually woven into lengths of about 40 yards; it was laid on the floor and wet with hot suds, and the young people went at it with both feet and kicked for hours, with slight intermissions, till their legs were the color of boiled lobsters.

ARMY HORSES.—Military men report that, after a battle, horses, on hearing the signal, will assemble without riders. In the last German and French war, an artillery horse which had saved a gun from being captured—its five companion horses and rider being shot—was to be photographed for its gallant deed. However, nothing would keep it sufficiently quiet, till some trumpeter was asked to blow the signal "Attention," when it did not move a muscle. At the battle of Waterloo a French trumpeter mounted an English horse whose rider had been killed; he was carried into the English lines, the horse having heard the signal to assemble.

THE FOURTH FINGER.—Students of chiromancy hold that a well-developed fourth finger is a member of which its owner has every reason to be proud. Curiously enough, with the majority of people the fourth finger of either one or both hands is more or less deformed. If the malformation appears on one hand only, or in a more pronounced degree, it is almost always on the left hand. A writer in a French scientific contemporary has made some interesting investigations concerning the crippled finger through five generations. The first person in whom the deformity was noticed was a woman both of whose little fingers were in a slight degree curved laterally towards the third finger; in one of her daughters and one of her sons exactly the same deformity was noticed; the four male offspring of the son and two male offspring of the daughter suffered in the same way; in the fourth generation eight sons and three daughters were affected, and in the fifth generation one son and seven daughters.

THE MARRIAGE RING.—Various explanations have been given of the connection of the ring with marriage. Doubtless wedding rings were worn by the Jews before the Christian era, as specimens of such articles of jewelery have been found at various places. It has been said that as the delivery of the signet-ring to anyone was a sign of confidence, so the delivery of a ring by the husband to the wife indicated that she was admitted into his confidence. Another explanation is that the form of the ring symbolises eternity and constancy; and it has been alleged that the left hand was chosen to denote the wife's subjection to her husband, and the third finger because it thereby pressed a vein which was supposed to communicate directly with the heart. Bishops on their consecration received a ring to be worn on the third finger of the right hand, in order to indicate ecclesiastical authority; and many years ago doctors wore a ring on the same finger, as a badge of their authority. A ring has been much used at the betrothal as well as marriage, and in many parts of the continent of Europe a wedding ring is worn by the husband as well as the wife.

VISIONS OF THE DEPARTED.

BY ANNE BEALE.

Would ye bring forms departed to your eye?
Then gently wake the chords of memory,
As Lucy wakes her harp to that fond lay
Sung by the loved who came and passed AWAY.
Oh, softly touch the strings!
The phantoms memory brings
Are such delusive things,
That one harsh note may cause them, as the ray
Fades at the warning of the twilight grey.

Yet is it sweet to think the breeze of even
Wafts gentle tones from the redeemed in heaven;
To fancy that the spirits of the dead
Around the living holy influence shed;
To gaze into the sky
In prayerful ecstasy,
And see a parent's eye
In earnest fondness watching o'er the head,
Then linger breathless till the scene hath fled.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

CYRIL went off laughing, and strode up the Strand with a light step and a heart, thinking of his picture and of his sweetheart. What was she doing now? he wondered. Wandering in the park, and—and thinking of him as he was thinking of her? Asking herself where he had gone and why he had not sent her a message?

"You shall not wait long, my darling!" he murmured; "a few hours more!" and he strode on. But man proposes, and Providence disposes, and the hours that stretched between Norah and him were many instead of few.

He did not return to Winchester street until night, and Jack noticed that his step was not nearly so light as when he had started.

Jack was eating his modest supper of chops and baked potatoes, accompanied by bottled stout, which has a great charm for such men, when Cyril entered the room they shared in common, and flung his hat on the sofa and himself into a chair.

"Well?" queried Jack.

"Well? It's not well, but bad," responded Cyril impatiently. "I meant to be down at Santleigh to-night, and——"

"Here you are instead. That's not very complimentary to me; but no matter. And what is the matter?"

"It's that confounded old fool," said Cyril.

"Meaning my Lord Newall? How respectful these aristocrats are to each other! Have you had any supper?"

"No, nor dinner, nor anything except a glass of sherry at Moses's, which has nearly cut short my distinguished career."

"Then sit down man, and eat. There's a chop left—I've kept it warm for you, also a potato, likewise stout. A banquet fit for the gods, to say nothing of a viscount," and he produced the chop a potato from the patient cooking stove, and set them before him; and while he ate them Cyril unfolded his grievous tale.

"I went to Moses, and of course he was out," he said. "I waited an hour, or a year, I can't tell which with accuracy, and when he came in we got to business. Jack, it's you who have got me this work! Moses knows that as well as I do."

"Cut that, and come to the point."

"Well, he said that I'd better go and see Lord Newall, and I tramped off to Harley street. A flunkey informed me that his lordship was at his club, the Minerva. I went to the Minerva, and was told that his lordship had just left. I'd passed him in the road, in fact."

"Title for the new song, 'She passed me in the road,'" murmured Jack.

"When I got back to Harley street—cab, this time—the intelligent butler informed me that his lordship had just looked in to say that he was off to Paris by the night mail on important business."

Jack grinned.

"Didn't know when his master was coming back, but knew that when he did he was going to Brittany."

"So you took another cab and tried to catch him at Charing Cross," said Jack.

"I did. And found the mail just gone; in fact I saw the tail of it, confound it! Well, then I made up my mind that I'd catch my train to Santleigh, but when I got to Paddington I remembered what I'd promised you, and went back to Moses."

"There's hope for you yet, young 'un," remarked Jack. "You are revealing the hitherto unsuspected existence of a conscience. What miracles love can perform! In your case it has actually reminded you of a promise! But go on."

"I got back to Moses, and he begged and implored me not to leave London until I'd seen Newall. He—Moses—says that his lordship will come back all of a sudden, stop a few hours, and then dance off to Brittany, and"—he groaned—"I should have to dance after him."

Jack smiled, but rather gravely.

"Moses is right," he said. "That's the amicable Newall's little eccentric way. You must stop and catch him. Well?"

"I tramped back to the house—it won't run to more than two cabs a day!—and left word that I'd meet his lordship anywhere, any time, he liked to appoint, and then I came home."

"Good boy. More stout," said Jack. "For Heaven's sake don't look so miserable. What are you afraid of?"

"Afraid of!" echoed Cyril with a sigh. "You don't understand! I left Santleigh this morning without a word to—to her that I was going, and I can't write to her and tell her why I have come away and where I am! What do you think she thinks?"

"That you have thought over your bargain and have repented of it."

Cyril set down his glass with an exclamation.

"Ah, Jack, if you only knew her!"

"All women are alike from Eve downwards," said Jack cynically. "She will think you have got over your love fit."

Cyril pushed his plate away and sprang to his feet.

"Don't say that, Jack, I—I can't bear to hear you. Chaff me about anything else and don't mind, but Norah is sacred!"

Jack understood, and lapsed into silence for a time, but presently suggested a stroll, and the two men sallied out as they had often done before, and went to a place of amusement much patronized by their kind; but all through the music, and the dancing, and the songs, which were all good and first-rate in their way, Cyril thought of his beautiful sweetheart, and saw her face aglow with the light of love and trust and devotion, and he was very poor company for hard-worked Jack Wesley.

The next day he went to interview Moses, the dealer, and from him repaired to Harley-street in search of Lord Newall.

But his lordship had not, and did not, return, and the days passed swiftly and noiselessly, and Cyril's heart was rent in twain between his longing to see his sweetheart, and his desire to carry out his plan and learn all about the picture he was to paint for the rambling nobleman.

And Norah? All the first day when Cyril was dashing from pillar to post, from Moses's offices to Harley-street, and from Harley-street to Charming Cross Railway Station, she spent in thinking of him.

She walked through the park to the glade—the happy glade—where she had twice met him, but he was not there. And there came no message, no letter, from him.

If she was not downright unhappy that night, it was only her loving trust that kept her from being so. She sat opposite her father the earl at dinner that evening, and could scarcely speak a word.

Cyril occupied her whole mind to the exclusion of anything else, and the next day fresh people called—people who had heard her praises chanted by Lady Ferndale, and who, coming prepared to be charmed, were charmed up to the very hilt.

She had as many invitations to luncheons and tennis parties as she could well accept, and for the next two or three days she went to one place and another, and found herself quite the queen and heroine.

As Lady Ferndale had said, she was "a success."

And a success means so much. For a girl it means being surrounded by all the admiring men and being made much of by all the envious women.

The former declared her to be perfect and altogether lovely; the latter found fault with her nose, and her manner of speaking, and her style generally.

Norah ought to have been happy, for there is nothing more delightful to the female breast, as we know, than to be admired by men and envied by women; but somehow she was not.

She missed Cyril, with his handsome face and his frank, honest eyes. Where had he gone? Why had he not sent one word to her?

All the county was running over in rhapsody about Lord Arrowdale's daughter, Lady Norah, declaring her to be the most beautiful and charming woman this season or any season had produced, and Norah herself was thinking only of the poor artist who had won her heart and stolen her troth, and then disappeared.

Lady Ferndale was delighted with Norah's popularity.

"I told you she would be a success," she remarked triumphantly to the earl. "You men don't know what that means, but we do. She may, and probably will marry a duke, and whoever he is, Norah will be too good for him."

And Lord Arrowdale had bowed and smiled, and waved his white scented handkerchief complacently.

It seemed to him only right and natural that a daughter of his should bear away the palm from the daughters of other men. He was pleased, but not surprised.

The day of the festives at Ferndale Park drew near, and still Norah had heard nothing from Cyril.

All day she thought of him, and at night she looked from her window at the stars and seemed to ask them what had become of him.

For many a night she lay sleepless, trying to account for his absence, his silence, but she could not solve the problem. He had left her with his love vows ringing in her ears, left her without a word about his ensuing absence, and her heart ached. Ached daily and nightly, so that the young men who played tennis with her and danced with her wondered why she looked so distraught, and why she answered so absently.

All her thoughts, sleeping or waking, were of Cyril, of her lover who had poured out his heart to her, and won her heart in return, and then just left her!

If he had only written one line, had sent her one word by way of message, she would have been content; but no word came from him.

She grew pale, so pale that Lady Ferndale noticed it, and suggested change of air to the earl.

"Change of air?" he said, raising his eyebrows. "Santleigh is the purest air in England, my dear Lady Ferndale. Why should she want change of air?"

At last came the fourteenth, the day of the Ferndale fete. Harman and Becca Soutn had been engaged for days past upon a dress for Norah, and though it was only of plain nun's veiling with violet "smocking," as the latest feminine fad is called, they had put their hearts into it.

And on the morning of the fourteenth Norah was, if Harman and Becca were to be believed, irresistible. The dress suited her to perfection.

"You look lovely, my lady," said Harman, as she arranged the dress and eyed it up and down with all a dressmaker's pride.

But Norah only sighed as she thanked them. What was the use of looking lovely if Cyril would not be there to see her?

Even the earl nodded his approval as he surveyed her through his gold eyeglasses. It flattered his vanity that his daughter should be the admired of all observers.

When Lord Ferndale undertook anything he carried it through *con spirito*, and this much talked of fete was just the kind of thing he and Lady Ferndale excelled in.

As the Santleigh carriage drove into the avenue Norah saw a throng of people, gentle and simple, peer and peasant, strolling about the lawns, which were dotted with tents and marquees, all bright with flowers.

A military band discoursed sweet music, and some of the sports were already in progress. The day, singular to say, was fine, and everybody seemed to be in the best possible humor.

Norah's face brightened for the first time since Cyril's absence, and as she looked out of the window she said:

"How happy everyone seems, papa! Do you hear them laughing?"

"I do indeed," replied the superfine earl, with a kind of groan. "And I anticipate a hot and noisy day. I suppose it will be possible to escape before one is quite exhausted?"

"Oh, I hope you will not be too tired to stay till the end," said Norah with a sinking at the heart.

The earl groaned aloud this time.

"At any rate," he said, "you may remain. Perhaps Lady Ferndale can find room for you to-night."

The moment the carriage stopped, Lord and Lady Ferndale came up, and Lady Ferndale kissed Norah with a maternal warmth.

"Isn't it delightful—the weather, I mean, dear? Lord Arrowdale, I thought you were never coming. Ernest, I daresay Lord Arrowdale will start the next race for you. They have brought some ponies, and Ernest has got up a little steeplechase. Come along to the marquee, dear; I want to show you how prettily they have fitted it up," and Lady Ferndale carried Norah off.

The found themselves surrounded long before they reached the huge tent, and Lady Ferndale had to stop while Norah received the homage of her numerous courtiers.

Each gentleman was anxious to carry her away, and show her the part of the fete for which he was responsible; one wanted her to go with him and see the Punch and Judy which was performing to a delightful audience in a corner of the lawn; another insisted that she ought to go and see the flowers in the show tent, and a third declared he had been waiting for Lady Norah to open the lawn tennis tournament. But Lady Ferndale held her tightly by the arm, and absolutely refused to relinquish her.

"No, no," she said, "I am going to have her all to myself for half an hour at least," and Norah laughingly was led away.

"Everybody seems to be here," she said as she kept bowing and smiling to the groups of village people, who took off their hats or curtseyed to her.

"Yes, I hope so," said Lady Ferndale. "We wanted everybody to know that it was an open day."

"All Santleigh Village is here, I am sure," remarked Norah. "How happy they all seem!"

"Yes," said Lady Ferndale triumphantly. "I flatter myself this is rather better than the usual garden party at which the people stroll around bored to death and trying to look as if they were amused. It's a dreadful thing to say, my dear, but it is perfectly true that the poor people are the only class which knows how to amuse itself; the rich have lost the art of being happy. Hear how they laugh and shout! Now, Norah, you are not to get completely knocked up before the evening. You must not let them tire you out, as they will do if you permit them. I want you to save yourself up for the dancing to-night. You can't imagine how well most of the people dance. Some of our village girls can waltz as gracefully as if they had gone through a course of lessons under a celebrated professor—it comes instinctively, you know. And, Norah, you won't mind dancing with some of the young men, the tenant farmers and such like, will you?"

"I'll dance with anybody—everybody," said Norah, promptly; but even as she spoke her heart ached. Why was not Cyril here that she might dance with him?

She made the round of the tents with Lady Ferndale, and of course a train of admirers, some of whom implored her to promise them a dance, but Norah smilingly refused. She would not engage herself to anyone, she said, until the ball had commenced.

Then she went and distributed prizes to the winners in a footrace, and of her own accord made up a tennis set with five young farmers and the sweetheart of one of them, who played quite as well as the "swells," and indeed Norah thought rather better.

They were in the middle of the set when she heard a voice close behind her, and a gentleman got her ball and handed it to her.

It was Guildford Berton. He was carefully dressed, and cool and self-possessed as usual, quite cool, though other people were hot and perspiring under the warm sun.

He remained just outside the court behind Norah, and never failed to field for her, and keep her supplied with balls, but he scarcely spoke, and, though Norah would have infinitely preferred going after the balls herself, he did his ministering in so quiet and unobtrusive a fashion that she could not very well decline it.

And yet from the moment he appeared her pleasure in the game seemed somehow to decrease. While he was near she found it impossible to concentrate her attention on the game, and his cool impassive presence seemed to diffuse a chill, and she turned to him coldly when, the game being over, he asked her to let him take her to the refreshment tent.

She could not very well refuse, but she walked beside him almost silently. She noticed that, generally so silent himself, he talked quite fluently, and got her some lemonade and waited upon her with the quiet unobtrusive manner with which he had attended her at tennis.

All the morning he seemed to be near her, and to her secret annoyance he occupied the place next to her at lunch, notwithstanding half-a-dozen men had plotted and schemed to obtain the coveted position.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DAY wore on most successfully, and in the latter part of the afternoon, when the fun waxed decorously furious Norah missed her father.

"The earl has gone home, my dear," said Lady Ferndale with a smile. "I think he has behaved nobly, and didn't expect him to remain half so long. He declared he had enjoyed himself extremely, poor man! And you are to stay the night with us! No journey home alone and upsetting the carriage that young men may rescue you! By the way, I haven't seen the hero. Where is he? He accepted the invitation, but he hasn't come."

Norah's face crimsoned, then turned pale but Lady Ferndale was too busy cutting cake for a crowd of hungry children to notice it, and Norah managed to reply with seeming indifference:

"Has he not? I am sure I do not know where he is."

In the evening the large marquee was cleared of its tables and route seats, and the dancing commenced.

Lady Ferndale had insist upon Norah going up to Lady Ferndale's rooms "to rest" for a little while, but Norah had spent the time superintending a children's kiss in the-ring, and when she entered the canvas ballroom she felt rather tired, not so much physically as mentally.

There is nothing that is so exhausting as hope deferred. All day long she had been looking and longing for Cyril, and now the shades of evening had fallen and he was still absent.

She stood looking at the dancers in an absent, preoccupied fashion, and so lost in thought that she started palpably when a voice at her siad:

"Will you give me this dance, Lady Norah?"

It was Guildford Berton.

A refusal rose to Norah's lips, but she checked it. If she refused him now he would probably ask her again, and, thinking that it would be best to "get it over," she yielded.

To her surprise he danced admirably. With the cool presence of mind which characterized him, he steered her through the large crowd with an apparently effortless ease, and, unlike most men, found breath to talk as he danced.

"What a delightful day it has been!" he said. "Thanks to Lady Ferndale—and yourself, Lady Norah," he added, in a lower voice.

"To me?" said Norah. "Why to me?"

"Because you have been the spirit of the whole thing," he said quietly. "Everyone recognizes that fact, Lady Norah. What happiness to be able to bestow happiness on others!"

Norah laughed uneasily. A compliment from Guildford Berton was somehow not to be laughed away as most compliments are.

"How pretty the place looks, and how charmingly most of the girls are dressed!" she said.

"Yes," he said, just glancing round, but letting his eyes come back to her face in a moment.

"Look at that pretty girl over there," she said, inclining her head. "Why, it is Becca South, isn't it?" and she smiled admiringly.

Guildford Berton looked in the direction indicated.

"Ye-es, I think it is," he said carelessly.

"How pretty she looks!" said Norah. "Don't you think so? That crimson rose lights up her hair so nicely; it is just the color that suits her."

"Yes," he replied, still more indifferently, "Yes, I suppose she is pretty, but I don't admire that kind of face.

"No?" said Norah with surprise. "I think I should like to go and speak to her," she added, seeing that Becca had stopped dancing, and was standing against the back of the marquee.

"Certainly," he said. "But mayn't we finish this waltz?"

"Thank you, no, I will go now. She will be sure to be dancing again directly."

He offered her his arm, and they were making their way towards the radiant Becca when Norah saw a tall figure enter the marquee, and stand for a moment looking round him.

It was Cyril; Cyril at last!

The blood surged to her face, and her heart seemed to stand still for a moment, and then she was seized with a desire to fly to him. But almost instantly a revulsion of feeling set in.

She had been waiting, longing for him all day, but now he was here, woman-like, she felt angry with him. Why had he kept away from her? Why had he not sent a single word to tell her why and where he had gone?

She stopped short and turned pale.

"There—there is a terrible crowd," she faltered, scarcely knowing what she said. "It doesn't matter; I can speak to her later on."

"Very well," he said. "Shall we finish the dance?"

"No—yes," she said, for at that moment she saw Lady Ferndale shake hands with Cyril, who directly afterwards went to Becca, and the two commenced dancing.

"Your maid has found a partner," said Guildford Berton. "We should have been too late."

"Has she?" said poor Norah, her brain throbbing painfully.

"Yes," he said; "Mr. Cyril Burne. He has just arrived, I suppose, and naturally chooses an old friend for a partner."

"An old friend?" said Norah in a low voice.

"Yes," he responded. "What a capital band, isn't it? Oh, yes, Becca and Mr. Burne are very great friends, I believe."

* * * * * * *

Cyril—for we will call him so still—had escaped from London in time to be present at the ball by one of those lucky chances which favor ardent lovers.

On the morning of the 14th he had called at Lord Newall's in a state of desperation which almost prompted him, in case he should find that that erratic nobleman had not returned, to leave a polite message to the effect that Lord Newall must find someone else to paint his picture. He had haunted Moses's shop and Harley street every day, and had worked himself into a frame of mind which rendered him a nuisance to himself and to Jack, as that candid friend did not fail to inform him.

But it is the unexpected which always happens, and to Cyril's inquiry, "Is Lord Newall at home?" the footman replied in the affirmative.

Lord Newall, little suspecting that the young artist was Viscount Santleigh, an heir to a peerage compared with which Lord Newall's was a mere mushroom, treated Cyril with that mixture of cordiality and condescension which is so exasperating, and expressed the desire that Cyril should set off at once—that is, the next day, the 15th—for Brittany.

"I am going there to-morrw, and shall be glad if you will accompany me," he said.

Cyril felt sorely tempted to decline the offer and the invitation, but it occurred to him as he hesitated—much to Lord Newall's astonishment—that he could run down to Santleigh and see Norah before he started; and, full of his resolve to make himself famous before he presented himself to the Earl of Arrowsdale, he signified his acceptation of the proposal.

"You won't start until the night mail, I suppose?" he said, not quite so respectfully as Lord Newall was accustomed to be addressed by his "inferiors," "Because I don't think I could manage it if you started any earlier."

"I will go by the night mail, Mr. Busne," said his lordship a little haughtily.

"All right, then," said Cyril, "I'll be at the station—my lord," he remembered to add.

He jumped into a hansom, and dashing into Jack's room informed him, all in a breath, of the arrangement he had made with Lord Newall, and that he intended running down to Santleigh at once.

"Can't you write?" asked Jack, and Cyril had colored.

"Write? No, you know I can't! Besides, I—I may be kept over in that beastly place for months. what, go without seeing her? I'd rather let the picture slide."

"Brittany is anything but a beastly place," remarked Jack with a smile. "But go down and bid your lady-love adieu, by all means. You'll look in here as you come back?"

Cyril caught a train, and arrived at The Chequers at sunset, and considerably flurried Mrs, Brown by telling her that he was going to leave The Chequer, the next morning, and demanding a clean shirt, hot water, and his dress clothes.

While he was dressing—which he did in a kind of mental abstraction, thinking all the time of how Norah would look when he entered the ballroom—he missed his ring, and on coming down asked Mrs. Brown if she had seen it.

"A ring, sir?" she said, getting flurried instantly. 'Oh dear me, sir! You don't mean to say that you've lost——"

"Oh, no, never mind," broke in Cyril promptly. "I daresay I've left it somewhere about the rooms. I've dropped it somewhere else; I'm always losing something. Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Brown, but if you find my head lying about some day please put it on the mantelshelf. Don't worry about the ring."

He then hurried out to his fly, which had been ordered as he came through the village, and was driven away, leaving Mrs. Brown in a nice state of confusion, and muttering:

"Bless me, what a wild young gentleman he be? But there, he's a harti', and he can't help it."

Cyril was driven to the park, and entered the ante-room of the ballroom to leave his overcoat, and while he was being relieved of it by the footman peered through the opening into the big marquee.

It was brilliantly lighted, and looked indeed like a fairy scene, with its flowers and flags and its myriad of vari-colored lan ps. But he could not see the one person for a sight of whom his heart ached. Then he entered, and looking round with scarcely concealed eagerness saw her.

She was dancing with Guildford Berton! She was smiling at something he was saying, and her loveliness, heightened by her simple ball dress, bewildered and overwhelmed him.

To the lover the beauty of his mistress is always changing, intensifying, always a sacred mystery and subject of wonderment.

Hitherto he had only seen her in ordinary walking attire; to-night she was arrayed for conquest: a queen in splendor, though her dress was only a simple one—her arms gleaming like ivory, her red-brown hair shining like burnished gold, her beautiful eyes glowing with the reflected many colored lights, her lips half-parted with a smile.

He gazed at her open-eyed, drinking in her loveliness, falling down before it, mentally, and worshipping it. Could it be possible that this lovely creature had condescended to love him, to tell him so, to promise to be his wife?

Then all in a moment a chill struck him. She was dancing with another man, his arm was round her waist, her hand was on his shoulder. And that man was—Guildford Berton!

And he had come all this way to see this!

Love is unreasonable, illogical. It never occurred to him that, being there, Norah could scarcely refuse to dance because her lover—who had left her for nearly a fortnight without a word of explanation—was absent! He did not think of that, but stood still and suddenly grew cold—not hot—with unconscious jealousy.

At that moment Lady Ferndale saw him and went up to him.

"Mr. Burne," she said; "and at last! How unkind of you to keep away from us all day!"

"It is my fate that is unkind, Lady Ferndale," he said. "I assure you——"

"Never mind. I shall keep my scolding until after supper, and so give you time to invent some pretty excuses. But now you must dance. Let me see."

She looked round, and saw Becca standing looking with glittering eyes, her small foot softly tapping the ground impatiently, and her ladyship, thinking "At any rate I have found a handsome partner for him," went towards her.

"There is a young lady—that pretty one with the black hair. Will you dance with her?"

"I will dance with anyone you are good enough to choose for me," said Cyril, and he went up to Becca, casting a longing, wistful thought, if not a wistful glance, towards Nora.

Becca blushed becomingly, and her dark face grew radiant. She had thrown over her last partner, whose clumsy movements had threatened the destruction of her frock, and had been dying to dance. And now Mr. Burne, a real gentleman—though an artist—had chosen her.

Becca could dance—Santleigh and Ferndale girls took to it naturally, just as the children of the Pacific Islands take to swimming—and to her delight Mr. Burne was simply a perfect waltzer. Blushing with pleasure and pride, she went two or three times round the room with him, then the smile on her parted lips and in her glittering eyes died away, and she stopped.

"What is the matter?" asked Cyril awaking from a moody abstraction. "Anything wrong? Haven't I got your step, Becca?"

"Oh, you dance beautifully, beautifully, Mr. Burne," said Becca. "But—but I want to pick up my dress."

But it was not to arrange her train that she had stopped. When she had started for the ball that evening Becca was perfectly satisfied with her dress, but deplored the fact of one thing being lacking—she had no jewelry. All the ladies would, she thought, be smothered in diamonds, and most of the village girls would have brooches or bracelets or earrings, and she had nothing, not even a——

Then suddenly there flashed upon her the remembrance of the ring she had "found" beside Cyril's watch.

Now, a man, if he had stolen it, would never have dreamed of wearing it in public. Only a woman—and only a woman of Becca's type—would have had the courage and audacity of even entertaining the thought.

She looked at it, put it on, held up her hand before the glass, and—went to the ball in it!

She had it on when Cyril entered, and had meant to take it off, but when he approached her and asked her for a dance she forgot the ring in her flurry and flustter of pride and gratification, and only remembered it after the third turn.

She stooped down, found the arrangement of the train so difficult that it required both hands, and managed to take off the ring and slip it in her pocket.

"I'm all right now, sir," she said, looking up at him with angelic innocence in her black eyes, and they resumed their dancing.

Poor Cyril danced like a machine, in perfect time and harmony, but neither his heart nor his brain was in his feet, and all his soul was intent upon his beautiful sweetheart.

He watched her sometimes directly, sometimes over his shoulder, and he saw her walk off on Guildford Berton's arm. They disappeared for a time, and then when he saw them next the dark-faced, self-possessed Berton was still her companion.

Cyril wondered whether they had been dancing together before, whether they had "spent the evening" in each other's company, and his heart ached and burnt as he tried to talk to Becca, who was really dancing beautifully, and deserved on that account a little attention.

"Great many people here? Yes, Becca. I hope you are enjoying yourself. Where have I been? Well, that's a long story. So you have missed me, have you? I wonder," almost to himself, "whether anyone else has?"

"Lor', yes, sir. Mrs. Brown says The Chequers isn't the same without you."

"Oh, Mrs. Brown," remarked Cyril disconsolately. "Has—has Lady Norah been well, Becca?"

Becca shot a mischievous glance at him from her black eyes.

"Lor', yes; and so gay! I never see a young lady so happy and light-hearted. She's singing and laughing all day. And she's been out so much lately. All the grand folk make so much of her, they do."

Cyril stifled a groan. Singing and laughing all day! And he had spent a fortnight of mental torture. And now he came back to find her dancing with Guildford Berton, who seemed to be her shadow!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The will of a country gentleman, proved at Canterbury in the year 1573, contains the bequest of his wardrobe, the details of which are very curious and interesting. They include a best black gown, guarded and faced with velvet; a velvet cap; a shepe-colored gown, guarded with velvet and faced with cony; a short gown, faced with wolf skin, and laid with Billements lace; another short gown, faced with fox; a night-gown, faced with cony; several pairs of ruddy-colored hose; a doublet of canvas; new gaskins; a cassock of shepes-color, edged with pouts skins; a doublet of fruite canvas; hose with "fryze bryches"; fryze jerkin with silk buttons; fryze jerkin with stone buttons; and hose with "frendge" (fringe), lined with crane-colored silk.

"HOTEL type-writer girls," one of them tells a St. Louis paper, "have an excellent opportunity to study the dispositions of many kinds of people. Of all persons who have type-writer work done I find that women are the most difficult to please. They want to include so much in their communications and are so particular about how to say it that often they insist on having what would appear to be unnecessary changes made, and it is sometimes very annoying. The easiest people to please are actors. They are always pleasant and prepare their copy carefully. Newspaper men are much the same way. Travelling men—drummers—as a rule are not difficult to please."

A thief stole forty-six large Parmesan cheeses of the best brand, valued at $600, from a merchant at Parma. Upon being pursued he managed to escape capture, but though out of danger, remorse at having lost his previous good reputation caused him to commit suicide two days after the robbery.

SLACK OF SPEECH.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Dear, in the past I fear me I have been
Too slack of speech, and like a niggard in
Expressions of my heart's deep love for you;
You may perchance have thought at times that I
Was cold—'twas only I was somewhat shy
And shrank from baring to your searching view
The secrets of my very soul—but now
I will be lavish of my words, I vow
My vows shall be a many, ato a few!

Alone on the Goodwins.

BY J. G. BETTANY

SUMMER HAD set in in earnest, and a scorching sun rested on the shimmering green of the Channel, and clothed the white cliffs of Dover with a dazzling haze. Delicate costumes and gay uniforms moved hither and thither upon the long promenade, or lounged on awninged balconies, or under Japanese umbrella-tents in gardens ablaze with geraniums.

At the farther end of the promenade, under the cannon-bristling cliff, two young people leaned on a crumbling wall watching the brown seaweed move monotonously to the lap lap of the receding waves.

They were sufficiently remarkable even at Dover, and were unconsciously the subject of interested conjecture. There was something indescribable in their attitude and demeanor; it was at once haughty and careless, a subtle commingling of Belgravia and Bohemia.

They would not have seemed out of place at court; they would have looked at home in Arcadia. Their persons and dress were handsome and cosmopolitan.

The girl's bangles spoke of India, her lace scarf of a Spanish bazaar, while the soft fabric of her dress and its quaint style had certainly emanated from Rome, though its trimming of delicate embroidery could scarcely have been picked up elsewhere than in Malta.

As for the man her companion, had not nature gifted him with a tall robust form, he might have been accused of effeminacy, for he wore conspicuously upon his left wrist a gold bracelet, with which he continually trifled, varying the action by lazily jangling the tiger's teeth upon his curiously wrought watch-chain.

For the rest, he was dressed like a Florentine artist, with a suggestion of Paris in the shoes and necktie, and a decided dash of American in the hat, which was a broad-brimmed Panama.

It was the audacity of dress that first called attention to those young people, but it was their faces that held the gaser enchained.

It was as if many sunny lands had tried to claim them as they passed, by gifts of form or coloring or that subtler charm, expression, which crowns all the rest. They, moreover, resembled each other in a vague way, which became pronounced under emotion.

The dark eyes that dreamed or flashed, darkened or softened with each changing thought, were wonderfully alike. The under-lip with its proud curves was the same in each.

It was in the complexion that the difference lay. The man's almost sallow, the girl's brilliant. Through the clearest of olive, smooth as ivory, gleamed the richest carnation tints.

It was as if the Saxon blood of the father and the Spanish of the mother had struggled for supremacy and produced this perfect creature.

The girl's beauty was the subject of the man's meditation, for he presently said:

"Only Burne-Jones could do you justice, Edmee, but you might let me try."

"I am not fond of sitting; besides, you never finish a picture."

"I would finish yours."

"If you ever began it."

"When we are married, Edmee, it will be your duty to obey me; I shall paint you then."

"We shall never marry, Angelo."

The young man left off twisting his bracelet and began to pull at his long moustaches. His eyes looked angry.

"You shall marry no one else, Edmee. Have we not been brought up together, educated together—for each other—until that undergraduate——";

"Had taken his degree."

The likeness between the two was very evident now, for both were angry.

"Well, it was an agrotat or something of that sort, I expect. He understood the art of wooing too well to have studied much else."

"And what have you studied, Angelo?" This with a fide smile of scorn.

The young artist broke into a laugh, with which some of his good humor appeared to return.

"Well, I have sat at the feet of your celebrated father, my uncle, made my various pilgrimages to the acknowledged shrines of art——"

"And achieved absolutely nothing."

"Edmee, I have climbed the Pyramids, of which a prejudicial memory still haunts me—so much, that I intend to admire the pinnacle of fame from the bottom."

He suddenly changed his flippant tone, and added:

"Unless you tempt me to gain a position of honor at Madame Tussaud's. No man shall possess you but myself. Remember that, Edmee."

They still stood looking at the wet brown seaweed, and both started as a voice from behind accosted them.

"Not quarrelling, young people, I hope?"

"Oh dear no, uncle, billing and cooing—that's all," said Angelo, sarcastically, and he turned and walked away.

"I wish you would give Angelo some work to do, papa."

"You have never forgiven Angelo for finding out that fling at my picture in the *Times*, Edmee," said her father, laughing.

"There could be no need for him to enjoy it so much, and go about repeating, 'We recommend Mr. Cartmell-Carlos to give Chamounix a rest.' Our differences do not date from that time, however."

"You are too hard on Angelo, Edmee. You seem to favor the Scotch idea, that biting and scratching is a fine way of wooing—however, 'the falling out of faithful friends': you know the rest."

"I could be friends with Angelo if he didn't want more. I don't want to marry at all, papa; I want to travel about with you, as I have always done."

She spoke petulantly, but her father smiled contentedly as he replied:

"Plenty of time to think of that, Edmee. But we will go on to Deal to-morrow, and I will set the impetuous boy to work on a Deal boatman."

"He will sit at his easel a couple of days, and then throw a pot of paint at the canvas. Look! he is taking a boat—how very angry he is!"

They strolled along in silence for a time, watching Angelo's boat skimming the bright water, then Edmee said:

"I wish you would take me to Cambridge before we leave England again, papa."

"I will if you wish it, for I mean to give myself as well as Chamounix a rest," and he laughed. "There are some good Turners at the Fitzwilliam that you would like to see, and we could drop in and hear Colvin hold forth. By the way, perhaps we shall come across young Godney; he talked of remaining at Cambridge to do original work. A nice fellow, young Godney, though he did behave rather rudely in going away without a farewell. Even Bohemians expect a little ordinary courtesy."

"He sent a note of farewell, papa," said the girl in accents of defence, her head averted, and a fine blush overspreading her face and neck.

"Yes, yes, Edmee, he left a note—but why not have seen us? We Bohemians are to be seen at nearly any hour."

They had by this time reached an unoccupied seat, and they sat down; and Mr. Carlos reverted to Cambridge once more.

"There is a bridge at Queen's College much like one we saw at Brussels, Hamerton sketched it, and I took it for the one at Brussels—or was it Bruges?"

Edmee was not listening; her large southern eyes looked penslvely out to sea. She saw only the dear old studio at Chamounix, with its faded velvet portiere, its quaint tapestries, and its confusion of easels, costumes, and half-executed work. She seemed to pass under the portiere, into the little saloon beyond, and between the soft Indian curtains to see Mont Blanc towering skyward covered by its eternal snows, which the *Times* thought her father had painted too often.

The salle-a-manger again beyond, with its alcoves and statuettes—she seemed to be sitting there at their late dejeuner pouring out the vin ordinlnaire for her father and Angelo, and coffee for a young stranger in a tourist suit, whose acquaintance a storm had gained them.

How well his short golden-brown hair had harmonized with the healthful glow on his browned cheek! What a light of laughter shone in his frank blue eyes! How different his gentle courtesy from Angelo's passionate moods!

Into whichever of the familiar rooms her fancy took her it was always to see the young stranger—now admiring a picture, now at the whist-table, now seated with them at the whist-table, now seated with them at dinner.

And the image thus conjured up was always gay and light-hearted, until that last night when he had spoken an "au revoir" that he knew was a farewell, and he had betaken himself to his hotel with all the elasticity gone from his proud carriage, all the light from his eyes—the eyes that had told the tale of love which for some inscrutable reason the lips had never uttered.

So had a star risen and set in Edmee's life all in a few weeks. It had come and gone with Arthur Godney.

About this time she had irritated Angelo by constantly singing to herself snatches of a little French song. He kept up a running comment on the words as she sang.

* * * * * * * *

"Will you take a boat, sir?"

The question came from a young boatman, and was addressed to Mr. Carlos. He, like Edmee, had fallen into a reverie. He now roused himself to refuse the boat, and refer to his watch.

"We will go back to the hotel, Edmee; it is lunch time. Our erratic youth will join us at his leisure."

As a matter of fact they were destined to have an anxious hour or two before Angelo chose to put in an appearance.

Then the sky had suddenly clouded and a wind had sprung up from the north-east; and the smooth water grew dark and agitated, and white foam flecked its surface. Great was the grief of father and daughter when the young man appeared.

"The Channel and I ought to be friends," he observed as he entered the sitting room, his clothes wet with sea-water. "We are both deep and dangerous, and readily change from calm to tempest."

"Oh, Angelo, we have been so anxious," cried Edmee, ignoring his smile. "Why did you go out so far?"

"Why does the sea yonder answer to the wind? My north-east wind is the perfumed breath of a woman, and I obey as does the sea."

"Go and change your clothes, you foolish boy, and don't talk rubbish," broke in his uncle, with a trace of irritation observable in his tone.

When Angelo had closed the door he said to his daughter:

"The lad is rudderless without you, Edmee. You must bring him safe to port, my dear."

"It is not I who can pilot him, papa," said Edmee, wearily.

"You will both have money, Edmee, and it makes the menage go as well as the proverbial mare. I changed my name for money, Edmee."

"Oh, papa, don't play at being mercenary."

"Never fear, little girl; your wishes are more to me than my desires. It is you who will choose."

* * * * * * *

"What is that bell, Angelo?" said Edmee.

"It is to summon the lifeboat crew."

The were standing together at a window of the Imperial at Deal.

"Won't you come with me and see the lifeboat launched, Edmee? You can put on your deck-ulster and cap. I am going to catch the expression on my boatman's countenance."

Angelo was rather fond of showing the public how his beautiful cousin could dare the rough weather.

"Will you come, papa? Oh, I should like to bid those brave fellows god-speed."

The girl had risen with alacrity. She longed to be out among that anxious, throbbing crowd upon the beach. She had passed the night at her chamber window wrapped in her white dressing gown, shuddering at the distress signal, rising amid the crashing of the sea upon the stones.

Mr. Carlos at length replied from the depths of a lounge-chair, where he was enjoying a manilla.

"On the whole, no, Edmee—it would necessitate a clean collar after. Wait till you have a twitch in the back by painting out of doors, and you won't be in such a hurry to go out and get drenched."

When the cousins reached the beach, the lifeboat was already manned, the noble coxswain at the helm.

No pause was to be looked for in the crashing waves. The boat must sweep down the beech at the exact moment when the retiring wave was yet unmet by the succeeding one.

On this small margin of ebb the impetus of the boat's rush into the water must force it bodily through the incoming wave.

It was an awful moment when the signal was given and the boat sped on with its living freight as it would seem to certain doom.

For a brief moment it appeared to be swallowed. Then it rose royally on the towering summit of a wave, and a wild cheer greeted it from the shore. The dangerous launching was over; for the rest they must wait.

"Where is the wreck?" asked Angelo of a gentleman who was standing near them, and had placed himself so as to shelter Edmee from the wind and spray a little.

They are gone to the Goodwins, but the wreck is sunk in the sands by now; it has been sending up signals all night, but this morning there are none."

"A sort of fools' chase then, is it?" said Angelo.

"No," rejoined the stranger; "this morning a solitary figure was made out running upon the sands. It is to rescue this man that they are gone."

"One man all alone on those terrible sands!"

Edmee spoke with dilitated eyes, and so rapt an expression that Angelo knew she was suffering for that man whom she had not seen. It angered him that her minutest sympathy should go out to another; so he remarked irritably:

"You needn't look so tragic, Edmee, over a man you have never seen, and who is probably a scapegrace of a Jack Tar who would be no loss to any one, and who has without doubt desired to make his grave in the ocean which——"

"But, perhaps," interrupted the stranger, "his desire for a watery grave did not extend so far as to a wish for the slow torture of seeing death advance moment by moment on those awful Goodwins. It is a little different from going down grandly to the music of a storm-symphony, with not a moment to think in. Lack of time to think has made many a hero."

"If I were only a man!" cried Edmee, fervently.

"What then?" said Angelo.

"I would have gone in the boat with them."

"And have been of no earthly use," rejoined Angelo, who was not sure that his cousin had not administered a reproof in these last words.

The stranger had moved away disgusted with Angelo's cynical mood.

Edmee moved away too, and, accosting a fisher-lad, put some silver into his hand, saying:

"Come to the Imperial and let me know when the lifeboat returns."

Then, rejoining her taciturn companion, she said, with quiet dignity:

"We will go back to the hotel, if you please."

He did not heed what she said but answered:

"The boy will pocket your money and bring you no message; you should have asked me."

"Angelo," said the girl, earnestly, "what is it that you have hidden in your heart, that has changed you so? There is something, I know there is—ever since——"

She broke off and looked down.

"Ever since what, Edmee?" he asked, averting his face.

"Since Mr. Godney went away," she replied, in a voice scarcely audible in the wind.

But he heard, and understood.

A change passed over his face.

"Do not go back to the hotel, Edmee," he said after a pause, and in a voice subdued yet agitated. "I have a sin to confess—a sin that I have hidden in my heart, and can no longer hide."

"We will walk towards Sandown," she said calmly.

"Cousin," he began again, "I talked wildly about your marrying no other man, because in my heart I knew I must soon tell you all, and lose you—lose even your friendship; for you will hate me when you know how basely I have acted. But I loved you so."

"Go on—tell me quickly what it is," cried Edmee.

"I saw Arthur Godney looking at your mother's wedding-ring as it lay upon your desk one day, and a demon took possession of me, for I was mad with jealousy. Oh! you can never forgive me. I led him to believe the ring was yours—that you were secretly married—to me."

They now stood together near an old mill, gazing out to sea, both silent. Presently Angelo broke out:

"Speak, Edmee! Heap reproaches on me, say what you will, but do not stand there so silent, so pale!"

"When you give him back to me," she answered slowly, "then I may try to forgive you."

They walked back to their hotel in utter silence.

* * * * * *

An anxious crowd was gathered once more upon the shingle. Mr. Carlos, his

daughter, and his nephew were there. The life-boat was already in the surf, close upon the shore; and now there was another figure in it, whose ghastly face was plainly visible among those of the bronzed crew.

All in a moment, as the excited spectators gazed, the boat, that had fought so bravely in the storm, capsized, and rescuers and rescued were struggling in the surf. A cry of horror arose.

There was a bewildering moment, and then Angelo's powerful form was seen among the breakers.

And now the sun broke out from between the angry clouds, and struck a blood-red glow on the gold bracelet on Angelo's wrist. It lit also with a glory the fair curls of—Arthur Godney, whose head Angelo was supporting.

Edmee clung to her father, unable to cry out, unable to do anything but gaze with eyes dilated with horror. A moment more and Angelo had placed his rescued rival out of reach of the waves and was pouring brandy down his throat, unheeding the applause that rose on all hands. Arthur opened his eyes and heaved a sigh.

Then, and not till then, Angelo turned to his cousin, who was supported by her father; and, standing before her drenched with sea-water, he said:

"I have given him back to you, Edmee; now will you try to forgive me."

Then he staggered away and was lost in the crowd, which was vociferously cheering the crew, all of whom had safely reached the land.

* * * * * *

In a private sitting-room at the Imperial Hotel sat Arthur Godney, and near him Edmee Carlos, her hand in his. At a little distance stood Mr. Carlos reading aloud a letter from Angelo. He had started for Rome, he said, and meant to work hard at his art.

Two days had passed since the rescue of Arthur Godney: long enough for an explanation and for a promise to be asked and given.

At length the young man broke the silence.

"I promised to tell you to-day all about that awful night and day on those dreadful sands."

He closed his eyes a moment, as if to shut out some vision, and a look of pain overspread his pale face.

"Are you strong enough yet?" asked the artist, solicitously.

"I want to tell you," said Arthur; "it won't haunt me so then. After that night at Chamounix I wandered hither and thither reckless enough. When I left Bordeaux in that ill-fated vessel I little knew what was to come. I was glad of the storm; it echoed the tumult within me.

"But when the captain reported broken water on the port side and ordered the helm to be put hard up, and I realized that we were on the Goodwins, I cannot describe what I felt. It was you, Edmee, I thought of—you whom now I should never, never see again; for though I believed you to be another's, yet I hoped some day to look upon you, though you would never know it.

"The haze hid the green light on the lightship, and the current had driven us on to these sands. How the storm raged about us in the darkness, and how lurid appeared the rockets we sent up despairingly so long as they remained to us!

"The seas that swept our decks carried away the masts, and the crushing sound of the severing timber mingled with the cry of the drowning.

"I could see nothing now; I had tied sail-cloth over my head to break the force of the water, which broke over me incessantly and threatened every moment to tear away the spar to which I was lashed.

"Sometimes I seemed to lose my senses and wake up to find myself still the target of the furious waves.

"Then, Edmee, the morning dawned, and I saw the tide ebb gradually away, and I knew that I could have been only just above water all night, for the vessel had settled into the sands even above her decks.

"Slowly the yellow sands revealed themselves, and by-and-by the waves were quite at a distance from me. I wanted to unlash myself, but seemed powerless.

"I had taken no food for twelve hours, and a burning thirst was upon me. My torn garments were stained with blood, and I saw that the cords that bound me had cut into my flesh as the waves had tried to drag me—their last victim, for all the rest had perished—from my poor haven.

"As I looked round I saw projecting spars and jutting pieces of wreckage everywhere. And how soon would such a tombstone mark my resting-place! Perhaps our signal had been seen, and a lifeboat may have tried to reach us. Would they—oh, would they return to-day?

"With the resolution of despair I liberated myself, and my feet rested on the firm sand—firm now, but I knew that in a few hours when the tide should turn it would shiver and become quick and swallow me, unless I could find some refuge.

"Refuge! where? the spar where I hung last night would be under water to-night. Unless I could be seen from the shore I could only await those incoming waves. I looked towards the wreck and gnashed my teeth as I thought of the water and food out of reach below.

"I began to run along the sand, but my progress was soon barred by an intersecting river. The sand near it I found to be treacherous. Backwards and forwards I paced like a caged animal on an island, with the surf forming a wall about me cutting off all retreat.

"I began to think of going to meet my foe—this slow advance of death was awful. If I were to cast myself into the sea and end it *** Only the thought of you, Edmee, prevented it.

"I continued to pace the sands, and as time passed they seemed to be growing looser. I looked towards my watery prison-walls—good Heavens, they were advancing—closing in!

"I shall never forget the horror this knowledge brought me. I found I must keep running now or I should sink in the sands.

"I can't tell how long it was, but a moment came when I fell face downwards, resolved to strive no more, but to die with your dear name upon my lips. The sand shivered beneath me.

"At that moment I heard a lusty human voice calling. I sprang up, and there was the lifeboat.

"I would have gone headlong towards it, but the men called out a warning about 'Fox holes.'

"I knew no more till I found myself on the raging sea once more, borne amid those brave fellows—Heaven bless them! And then, Edmee, when the lifeboat was upset at last, Angelo carried me on shore himself, and then I lost consciousness again, to wake with those sweet eyes above me looking through a mist of tears. I knew then, Edmee, that it had all been a mistake."

"And you must get strong enough to hear the sound of wedding-bells," said Mr. Carlos, who had given up all desire for a marriage between the cousins after the recent revelations regarding Edmee's affections.

"To think that Angelo should himself have been the one to save me!" said Arthur as if to himself. "God speed him in his art, and give him a wife as worthy as mine one day!"

As for the wife, she has not yet appeared, but Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Godney visited the Academy last season to add their praises to those of the multitude which crowded round Angelo Carlo's magnificent picture, "Rescued from the Goodwins," which it is said, is to be bought by the Academy, and will soon obtain his admission to the Associateship.

THE SWALLOW.

NO MEMBER of the feathered tribes is more popular with us than the swallow; nor do we stand alone in this respect, for all the world over, swallows are favored by man. The savage Indian, even, welcomes them, and provides a receptacle for their nests.

The Choctaws and Chickashaws cut off all the top branches from some small tree near their cabins, leaving prongs a foot or two in length, in each of which they hang a gourd, properly hollowed out for the convenience of the birds; and the wild tribes who dwell along the banks of the Mississippi provide for them in a similar fashion. Wherever they are found, swallows frequent, rather than shun, places occupied by man; and the reason is the greater abundance of insects in such localities.

Superstitious people think that dire misfortunes are in store for the reckless mortal who kills a swallow or destroys its nest. This idea probably arose from the breach of hospitality involved in the destruction of a bird which shelters itself beneath our very roof.

On the other hand, good luck is supposed to be in store for the inmates of the house which swallows choose for their home; and, in days gone by, there was held to be no surer sign of impending ill-luck than their desertion of a house on which they had once built their nests.

The association of misfortune with the wilful destruction of swallows can be traced to the earliest times.

We learn from Ælian that the ancients considered them sacred to the Penates, or household gods; their preservation, therefore, became a matter of religious concern, and whoever injured one was held to insult the deity to whom it was consecrated.

The Rhodians had a solemn anniversary song, which they used to chant by way of welcoming these birds, which they looked upon as harbingers of spring.

Anacreon's "Ode to the Swallow" is too well known to call for any but a passing allusion. That ancient soothsayers looked upon swallows as one of their chief means of divination is, perhaps, not known to the majority of readers of the classics, but in an old book emphasis is laid upon this fact. We are told that, "by swallows lighting upon Pirrhus' tents, and lighting upon the masts of Mar. Antonius' ship sayling after Cleopatra to Egipt, the soothsayers did prognosticate that Pirrhus should be slaine at Argos in Greece, and Mar. Antonius in Egipt."

We read further that swallows followed King Cyrus, going with his army from Persia to Scythia, as ravens followed Alexander the Great on his return from India, and on his way to Babylon.

And even as the Magi told the Persians that Cyrus should die in Scythia, so the Chaldean astrologers informed the Macedonians that their King should die in Babylon, "without any further warrant but by the above swallows and ravens."

In some parts of the country swallows are looked upon as forerunners of death. A correspondent of "Notes and Queries," on visiting the sick child of a poor woman, had the following remark made to her by the child's mother:

"A swallow lit upon her shoulder, ma'am, a short time since, as she was walking home from church, and that is a sure sign of death."

This is a scarcely more complimentary view to take of the bird than that which is common in some districts of Ireland, where it is anything but a favorite, for the poor people call it "the devil's bird," from a strange belief that on every one's head is a particular hair, which, if a swallow can pluck it off, dooms the wretched individual to eternal perdition.

Belgian peasants believe that where the swallow settles lightning will never fall; and that, when autumn comes, it forms itself into a ball and passes in some mysterious way under the sea to warmer climes.

Russian peasants think that it is the bearer of warmth from Paradise to the earth; they believe that its presence keeps off fire and lightning, and that its early arrival fortells an abundant harvest, and that permanent freckles will appear all over the face of any one who robs its nest.

Another superstition tells how young swallows lose their sight a few days after they are hatched, and how the parent birds fly off to distant lands and bring back in their beaks a certain marvellous stone, with which they touch the eyes of their young ones, with the result that sight is restored to them again.

The Germans are always very anxious that their houses should be selected by swallows to build upon, for they think that the bird's presence preserves the house they select from all danger by fire or storm, and, indeed, from every kind of evil.

The winter retreat of swallows has been a subject that has attracted attention in all ages. It has been supposed by some that on the approach of cold weather they retire to the inmost recesses of rocks, mountains, or decayed trees, and there lie torpid until the return of spring rouses them to active life again.

There is just enough foundation for this idea to enable us to understand its prevalence in former times.

Swallows were formerly used extensively in medicine. In an old work, entitled "A Book of Knowledge," is given the remedy for "the sinews that are shrunk in the thighe or elsewhere," which consists of twelve young swallows pounded up with rosemary, bay leaves, lavender, strawberry leaves, and hog's grease.

This mixture was to be set in the sun for the space of a month, then boiled, and strained, and the ointment kept. It was in this that the virtue lay; and with it patients are told to "anoint the place grieved, and with God's blessing it will do very much good."

CARDS.—An automatic card shuffler is the latest English invention. The cards are dropped into the slot of the machine, which works itself, and by turning a handle they are brought back to the surface of the table. The process, which changes the position of each card, occupies only twenty seconds.

Scientific and Useful.

MECHANICAL CONDUCTOR.—The latest invention of musical Germany is a mechanical conductor, a figure beats with the greatest accuracy any desired time.

FIRE ENGINES.—One of the Boston Fire Commissioners, at a recent meeting, declared that electricity would soon take the place of steam in fire engines. In speaking at the time he said: "The question of getting an engine of the greatest water-throwing capacity to the fire with the greatest celerity will, it seems to me, be solved by stored electricity."

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Experiments have been recently carried on at Toulon with a view of determining to what extent accuracy of aim could be attained at night with the use of an electric light. A gun was mounted on a revolving platform, which also carried an electric projector. The target was fixed at a distance of between three and four kilometers, and it was found that the same accuracy could be attained under these conditions as during daylight.

THE PHONOGRAPH.—The Mexican Post-office Department is about to adopt a novel device. A phonograph is to be placed in each principal office in the country for the accommodation of the numerous citizens who cannot read or write. The illiterate Mexican will go to the postoffice, talk his message into the receiver of the phonograph and when the cylinder reaches its destination the person addressed will be sent for and the message will be repeated to him by another machine.

WILD HEMP.—A Tokio paper states that a druggist at Hikone, Japan, after many years of experiment and patient research, has succeeded in converting wild hemp into a substance possessing all the essential qualities of silk. A trial of the thread has been made at Kioto and other places with excellent results. The inventor has been most highly complimented, and complete success seems to be within his reach. The plant grows wild on moors and hillsides. Its fibre is strong and glossy, and, when properly prepared, is to be in no wise inferior to silk. Cultivation would be comparatively easy, and its proposed to form a company to inaugurate this new and promising industry.

Farm and Garden.

VEGETABLES.—For vegetables the soil should be loose and rich. All kinds of vegetables thrive well with the surface kept clean and the top soil fine. When the surface is baked hard the plants derive less moisture.

THE CREAM.—Warm the cream to 66 or 68 degrees and add as much water as cream. Warm the cream with water temperature 110 degrees. Stir the cream lively when the water is put in. When cream is cold the butter globules cannot unite. They will not stick together, nor can they unite when the cream is too thick.

DRAINS.—A drain that is stopped up is one that is not unserviceable but a menace to health. When foul there is always a disagreeable stench therefrom, and, being always damp, substances decompose quickly. Nothing is more important than to frequently examine the outlets of the drain pipes and ditches in order to have a free flow of water in them.

FOWLS.—If farmers would take one good breed of fowls and carefully study their characteristics they would make double the profit than if they keep trying to originate some new breed. It sounds nice to hear yourself spoken of as the originator, of some new and valuable breed, but very few ever succeed in starting a variety of fowls that ever amount to anything.

VARIETIES.—New varieties are often sold because they are novelties rather than because they are better than the old tried and standard kinds. It is better to use varieties of trees and vegetables that are known to be the best for the section where they have been tested, in preference to using others until experience gives an opportunity to know more of the newer varieties. Novelties should be tested in a limited way.

FOR HOUSEHOLDERS.—A retired plumber thus gives a point for the belief of householders: "Just before retiring at night pour into the clogged pipe enough liquid soda lye to fill the trap or bent part of the pipe. Be sure that no water runs into it until the next morning. During the night the lye will convert all the offal into soft soap, and the first current of water in the morning will wash it away and clear the pipe clean as new.

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A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2.00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," the size of which is 21 x 28 inches, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2.00 for THE POST one year.

Stern Rectitude.

The more rectitude we have the better, for there is a certain deficiency of the quality on this painful earth. If we had to sum up in one word the object which all men should seek to attain, we could do no other than say "Rectitude."

But of late years an adjective has mostly been used along with "rectitude," and it has at last assumed almost the aspect of a slang phrase or catch-word. Carlyle set the fashion.

Everything must be "stern" and "grim" and "melancholy" and "sad eyed" or "sorrowful" to suit his fancy; and he especially liked stern men, stern looks, stern doctrines, stern modes of life. Then of course persons who wished to seem very strong must needs copy their master, and the "stern" element appeared to an alarming extent in novels, sermons, poems, speeches and articles.

Many persons are growing just a little tired of this. Sternness is all very well in its way, but is it not possible to have smiling rectitude, or placid rectitude, or unostentatious rectitude, or unconscious rectitude, or even jovial rectitude?

We ask this because it is becoming sorrowfully apparent that dull and acrid people who wish to make themselves profoundly objectionable may do so with impunity if they only have friends to point out their conduct arises from stern rectitude.

In days not long ago there was a schoolmaster—a survival from a bad generation—who took peculiar delight in administering the stick to his pupils. While he was raising blows on some doomed youth, he always kept up a rapid repetition of the following pleasing sentiment—"It hurts me more than it does you—it hurts me more than it does you." One writhing patient ventured to yell, "I wish it did—I wish it did!" and the way in which that instructor plied his weapon to the flippant youth was a sight to behold.

The cruel man with his parrot cry no doubt set himself up as an exponent of stern rectitude, and he probably had a deep rooted faith in himself, unless he happened to be a conscious and deliberate hypocrite.

We had these professors of rectitude in almost every walk of life, and their modes of action are very varied and very contemptible. It is most curious to note that men and women who do the very basest things are always able to persuade themselves that only excessive rectitude moves their sensitive minds.

Nearly all nations say that the national vice is hypocrisy. The statement is sweeping—too sweeping—but there is a strong leaven of truth in it; and, when a man has been able to study from a secret stand-point the working of the meaner human impulses, he is not unlikely to accept the cynical estimate.

In what may be called "the public life of private bodies" the professor of stern rectitude plays a most objectionable part. Take, for example, the community which meets to worship in an average chapel, and observe what a nuisance the man of morbid rectitude may become.

If he chooses to take the pastor's morals in charge, then he is indeed a desolating creature.

He will say, "Mr. X, I feel it my duty to say that the elders have a right to know whether you do indeed smoke tobacco. I have heard from a trustworthy source that you were seen smoking a pipe in your garden on the night of the sixteenth. We tell the children in Sunday-school that tobacco is the evil next to drink, and, speaking as a conscientious member of our body, I must say that our ministers should be careful to set a good example."

How many a young man has been wearied and worried by petty charges of this kind!

The man of duty will intrigue among the congregation; he will go about chattering until his mean little soul is stirred into a perfect fury of virtuous effort; and when he fails, as he usually does, he will bemoan the lack of rigid rectitude among his colleagues.

Happily there are usually enough genial sensible folk to laugh such a person down; but he can cause much worry and even downright misery before he is finally suppressed.

Would it not be better to have a little more sweetness of temper, a little more obliviousness of faults, than to cultivate so much dreadful correctness of morals and manners? We can surely be good without proceeding in such a way that we might as well have a placard, "I am full of stern rectitude," affixed to our clothing.

The most sacredly good and honest of people never speak about their own qualities at all, unless it is to regret some weakness or failing.

Fancy Florence Nightingale saying, "I thought it right to come among you soldiers because I knew you were suffering, so I risk fever and blood poisoning and cholera in your cause. You will kindly observe that I obey the precepts of religion, and I hope you will entertain a proper sense of reverence for one who is so full of rectitude and self sacrifice."

Fancy it! Supposing that any disciple of Paul Pry ventured to assert that Miss Nightingale ever said such a thing, would he not be promptly ordered out of the room with violent contumely?

We know that for any truly noble or honest persons to trumpet their nobility or honesty is utterly impossible, because it is both ignoble and utterly vulgar; and we fear we must say that the terrible vulgarity of the average professor of rectitude is the quality which fills us most with disgust and scorn.

In studying the history of the criminals who are described as "persons of respectable position," there is one odd feature which has often struck us—the most callous and cruel robbers, and even murderers, have always been most full of outward professions and most stern toward the faults of others. There is hardly a case of note on record which does not bear out this observation.

Quiet and stainless men go through life and contrive to harm no fellow-creature in any essential respect; they are kind, modest and good, and it never occurs to them to praise themselves at all or to censure their neighbors.

The man or woman with the surplus stock of stern rectitude does not do half as much good as the modest and silent pilgrims, and the open professions and open assaults upon others constitute a public evil which is growing only too swiftly in magnitude.

Let us try to get back to gentleness and reticence and simplicity as soon as we can, lest we be overwhelmed by that poisonous verbal sham which marks too much puritanism.

THERE are three kinds of unselfishness—that which springs from a sense of duty, that which springs from a natural benevolence towards one's species, and that which springs from love. The first of these is a conscious unselfishness; the second is so in a less degree; but the third may be and very often is unconscious of itself altogether. None the less it needs to be dragged into the light now and then and carefully examined, lest it too, beautiful though it is, should degenerate then and there into something not very far removed from its opposite.

THE worker who brings out the best results is not the one who has thirsted for public applause, but the one who has sought to climb a summit too high for the populace even to see. He finds it comparatively easy to satisfy others, but this does not satisfy him. The laborer in any sphere whose sole aim is notoriety works on a lower plane and is content with inferior results.

No one should underrate the inevitable sorrows of life, nor deny to them the sympathy and loving aid which should ever be extended to them; but permanent misery cannot be regarded with very much respect. It certainly speaks of very grave defects in character, of faults that need pruning away, of feeble qualities that need stimulating.

PEOPLE sometimes talk of Time as Time the healer. It is a very old commonplace, and it is not at all true. Time cannot heal anything; Time can only destroy. Time destroys regret and rememberance and kindliness and affection, just as the dentist deadens the nerve.

NOTHING hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humility and benevolence prevail, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

THERE is no royal road to learning or to virtue—no short cut or fairy given aid or magic art to lessen toil. The only royal road to the perfected powers of the mind and character is by the way of endeavor.

EVERY man who rises above the common level receives two educations: the first from his instructors; the second, the most personal and important, from himself.

IT is a law as old as time and as enduring as eternity that we are dependent upon one another in social and intellectual matters.

WHATEVER discoveries we may have made in the region of self love, there still remain many unknown lands.

REMORSE of conscience is like an old wound; a man is in no condition to fight under such circumstaces.

IF there is any person to whom you feel a dislike, that is the person of whom you ought never to speak.

ONE man lies in his words, and gets a bad reputation; another in his manners, and enjoys a good one.

OF all thieves fools are the worst; they rob you of time and temper.

The World's Happenings.

Wine is now transported in Europe in tank cars.

A Bay City, Mich., man can make salt for 8 cents a barrel.

A hen at Conestoga, in Lancaster county, has distinguished herself by laying nine double yoke eggs.

Japanese chickens with tails from eleven to thirteen feet long are being imported into this country.

Rain-in-the-face, the Sioux chieftain, has applied for a position on the police force of Bismarck, Dak.

A gold nugget, found in the Neal placers on Block creek, Idaho, recently, is said to perfectly resemble the figure of a woman.

Oyster suppers after the theatre have just been introduced as a feature of French social life, and are said to be popular.

A flower that is alternately red, white and blue, according to the time of day, has been found on the Isthmus of Tehauntepec.

A pair of bantam chickens were sold at the London Crystal Palace for $500, which was almost exactly twice their weight in gold.

In Paris all the electric wires, no matter of what description, are under ground—telephone and telegraph, as well as electric light.

A rope maker in Allegheny, Jacob Bopp, has made the nooses with which no less than 83 murderers have been hanged during the past 30 years.

Five thousand bunches o' bananas were tossed over to the mermaids from a Nicaraguan steamer lately to lighten the ship in a severe storm.

A brakeman who lost his arm in the discharge of his duty was awarded $18,000 from the Boston and Albany Railroad, by a recent verdict in Boston.

Ex Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, of Beatty's celebrated organs and pianos, Washington, N. J., has just returned from an extended tour of the world.

A New Bedford, Mass., clergyman has advertised 700 sermons for sale. He says they cover every subject and are suitable to every locality, and he wants $1 each.

The pet names of the four baby States are as follows: North Dakota is the "Flicker-tail State," South Dakota is the "Swinge Oat State," Washington is the "Chinook State," and Montana is the "Stubbed-Toe State."

The costliest horse barn in the world belongs to D. E. Crouse and is located at Syracuse, N. Y. It has now cost the owner, a millionaire horseman, something like $700,000. Incidental expenses will make the stable cost little short of a round million.

The Yale senior class has received from a Tiffin, Ohio, firm a package of circulars to be distributed to the members of that class, in which the firm offers to furnish essays, compositions, debates, orations, etc., by the wholesale, at prices ranging from $3 to $25.

A rusty nail is a prized relic in the museum of Houlton, Me., Academy. It is one of the nails used in building the sea wall at Louisburg, is nearly 150 years old, and comes from the centre of the struggle which determined whether France or England should control North America.

The Monterey and Mexican Gulf Railway is using ebony and mahogany in the construction of its bridges, and the stations are being built of black marble. The country through which this road runs abounds in those kinds of woods, whereas the commoner kinds usually used in constructing bridges are wholly wanting.

A Wisconsin man bought a pickeral that weighed 18 pounds the other day. The pickeral had swallowed a bass that would weigh two or three pounds, and when he dressed the bass he was rewarded by finding two good-sized perch in him that he had swallowed, so he actually bought four fish instead of one, as he supposed.

The clergy of Derby, England, propose to sacrifice their marriage fees as an inducement to parties entering into the holy state of matrimony, to do so with the sanctions and ceremonies of the state. The tendency to civil marriage is growing. The Derby clergy is sincere, but it is doubtful that their example will be generally followed—or that it ought to be.

Another solemn and impressive warning against the cigarette habit comes from Mississippi. At Lowry Island, in that State, a man smoked a single cigarette, and within ten minutes fell from a high place and broke his neck. Regard for historic accuracy compels us to add that when he fell he had a rope round his neck and the sheriff was present in his official capacity.

A strange battle of frogs is reported to have taken place in a stream which runs through the grounds of a temple at Tokio, in Japan. Some hundreds of bullfrogs gathered on either bank. Then a terrific battle ensued, lasting from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., and it is stated that when the combat finished the brook was blocked to such an extent with the bodies of the slain that the course of the water was almost totally impeded.

James M. Rice, a farmer living in Indiana, is trying the experiment of raising wild geese and ducks. He has a half dozen of each, which he has on ponds on his farm. They were caught on the Kankakee river last fall, and he keeps their wings clipped. They have become quite tame, but it remains to be seen whether they will become thoroughly domesticated and breed. Two wild ducks have been living on an adjoining farm for three years, but have never reared any young.

A seemingly incredible story comes from St. Louis to the effect that "Big Six," a negro pugilist, on wager, butted an ox to death. "He caught the animal by the horns with his hands and drawing back a full arm's length he ran his head against that of the ox with the force of a battering ram. He repeated this three times, when the ox fell to the ground, dying soon after. There was a small lump on the negro's head after the butting feat, but he suffered no pain. "Big Six" stands 5 feet 10 inches, weighs 260 pounds, and the muscles on his arms, shoulders and chest stand out in knots.

A PLEASANT DAY.

BY M. E. S.

The landscape rests in golden sunlight beauty;
The last faint whisp'ring wind has died away;
Not e'en a leaflet flutters in the forest;
Not e'en a white sail glimmers o'er the bay.

The little streamlet murmurs on its journey
A merry tale to lilies pure and cold,
Or whispers in its rippling voice a secret
To fair forget-me-nots, renowned of old.

The day wears on; the twilight shadows lengthen,
And slowly downward creep upon the hills.
And thoughts of peace are in our minds awakened—
A sense of perfect rest the spirit fills.

Their Side and Hers!

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

SIR Edward and Lady Belton are having one of their extremely rare confidential conversations which have taken place between them since the auspicious day on which he was made to swell the ranks of the baronets through political gratitude, and she by the same means was raised to the rank of "my lady."

He had been the lawyer and successful electioneering agent of one of the new men of leading and light in the Liberal Government. She had been a fairly contented woman, blessed with a good income and an excellent method of managing the same, an encouraging wife, a prudent housekeeper, a thoughtful, affectionate, but withal rather domineering, mother, with a profound appreciation of her own "rights."

These qualities—or at least some of them—did not alter, they only developed under the changed aspect of affairs. The income, which had been good for many years, was trebled now. Mr. Belton had bloomed into "Sir Edward," and his buxom wife had been "presented" as Lady Belton, and had forthwith "presented" her rather promising young daughter of seventeen.

From the moment she first sniffed the court atmosphere she "developed" freely. The managing qualities which she had hitherto brought to bear on purely household matters and her own and her daughter's wardrobes, expanded and spread themselves out towards her only son.

This latter, a fine young fellow, was improving his mind, fitting himself for the battle of life, and running into debt at Oxford, at the date of the opening of this story; and one of his latest boyish delinquencies was the cause of the confidential conversation which is now taking place between his parents.

"I wish I could have him home and impress upon him that we shall never be seriously angry with him while he does nothing to disgrace the title which he will bear in the future," Lady Belton sighs.

"Nonsense!" her husband replies rather gruffly. "You dangle the title before the boy's eyes too persistantly. Have him home by all means—he'll only get into some scrape in town—and impress upon him that I shall cut his allowance rather shorter than he'll like unless he settles on a profession and to work in serious earnest."

"Barnard ought to marry well," Lady Belton says emphatically; "that is the best future I see for him! A noble-minded wife with money and good family connections. He has such a good heart; he is too easily led through his affections."

"He's too fond of fooling about with the Roving Ragamuffins,'" Sir Edward grumbled.

"But, my dear, he acts really superbly. I heard dear Lady Helena Thwackem say the other day, that Bernard's little part that he has been playing at Ironclad House fitted him like a glove."

"It's the part of a flunky, isn't it?"

"Yes; but what matter? It's the intellectual rendering of it that has won him such well-deserved praise."

"Lady Helena Thwackem never said a kind word yet that hadn't a sour meaning behind it," Sir Edward says thoughtfully, and he fidgets himself for five minutes over the possibility of his son and heir having got himself into some serious dilemma.

The family—Sir Edward, Lady and Miss Belton—move up to town shortly after this, and the son and heir meets them with an admirable report of himself. He is settled on going into the army. Money is no object to his father, and he (Bernard) is patriotically desirous of serving his country with his sword. Meantime, until all things are settled, and he has passed sundry examinations—which he knows in his heart will never be passed by him—he will study at Sandhurst.

Of his father's pride and hope in him there can be no doubt. Of his mother's adoration for him there can be no doubt, at all. He is well-grown, good looking, amiable, extravagant and affectionate and attentive. But he is their only son, and the one good interest they have in common in life is their children. For Bernard and Florence they can make sacrifices; they do make them, indeed, whenever they endure each other unassisted through a tete-a-tete.

He comes back into the family for a few days, with an air of constraint about him that his mother pitifully attributes to the keen remorse which he is feeling concerning his Oxford extravagances. Poor dear boy! He will never give them any further distress, she is sure. And after all, what are a few debts, when one has plenty of money with which to defray them? If he will only be sensible now, and make the most and best of himself during the coming season, what a daughter-in-law she ought to have at the end of it!

There are very many "best sets" in London. In one of these "best" the Beltons revolved, and in it there are one or two girls who will be prizes matrimonially.

One is capitally dowered, and has besides a duke for an uncle. Now a duke, as Mr du Maurier has observed has observed, "rarely palls" in the family circle. The duke's niece likes Bernard Belton's style of waltzing—and his nose!

Bernard Belton, "domesticated and sweet"—as his mother says he is—all this time is in reality in blissful pursuit of the Sylph of the season.

The Sylph of the season is a sweet young girl about whom very little is known, save that she is good, graceful, highly educated and the current attraction at one of the best theatres in London.

The Sylph has a "past," and it is past. The Sylph has a future.

The Sylph, who is known in the theatrical world as Miss Fontenoy, is a girl called Beatrix Baldew in real life, the fatherless daughter of a man who had been a millionaire manufacturer a year or two ago, and who had died of honorable horror at being unable to meet his liabilities.

Beatrix had been terribly beaten down by her father's death and the family failure. But after a while—a very brief while, too—she had roused herself to the thought that her mother was delicate, unable to cope with life's difficulties, penniless, and burdened with four children besides herself (Beatrix).

Acting on this thought Beatrix woke to action. She had youth, good education, energy, and such good looks as would speedily develope into beauty under favorable circumstances.

"I will go on the stage," the girl said rapturously, not thinking of the glories it might bring to herself, but only of the comforts it might put in the way of that dear mother who had never spared anything that might be spent on her children, and of the welfare of the young brood.

I will go on the stage." Her mother wept at her; some few rich relations howled at but did not offer to assist her in any other line of life. But she carried her resolution in spite of their discussions, and got herself upon the stage after a time.

Not in any very exalted capacity at first. She danced and sang as Titania in a fairy burlesque of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." The part and the costume it evolved showed her pretty face and pretty figure off to perfection though. And so even other and more profitable engagements were offered to the girl who was the good fairy truly of her own home.

It was not at all the sort of a home which public opinion is apt to attribute to popular actresses. It was merely a small semi-detached villa out somewhere between West Kensington and Shepherd's Bush. But it was a sweet orderly little home, full of comfort and cleanliness, of innocence, active work and gratitude.

Mrs. Baldew, the widowed mother, who while she was a wife had what seemed an unlimited control over an unlimited income, managed everything in the home which her daughter Trixy maintained. And how well she managed need not be told here, for she was content with her daughter's grateful thoughtfulness.

As for the four younger children they regarded Trixy rightly enough as the good fairy godmother of their several little existences. It was her earnings sent them to school. It was her deft fingers mended their clothes for them before she went to rehearsal in the mornings. It was her "treasury" day which was a gala day to them, for she always contrived some festivity for them on these occasions—"The Zoo," or "Corney Grain," or a drive to Richmond and a pull on the river.

What a happy, useful life she was leading! With money enough (her own earnings) to supply the needs and pleasures of those dearest to her; with a sound heart and an unturned head, Trixy Baldew was one of the happiest girls in London.

I am not quite sure where she met Mr. Bernard Belton first; but I am quite sure that it was at some place above suspicion and without reproach. Probably it was at one of those mixed gatherings where society condescends to mingle with brains!

At any rate she did meet him, and he was properly introduced, first to her and then to her family circle out in the region between West Kensington and Shepherd's Bush. And almost directly the heir to the new baronetcy began to lay siege to the stage-sylph, who was also the good fairy of the family!

She went on her way, mending her little brother's knickerbockers, accounting for every penny she earned to her anxious mother, studying her "parts," doing every duty that she had hitherto done, in fact, but all in a different, a lighter, brighter spirit.

Young Belton called at the house constantly, and in the absence of the daughter made respectfully much of the mother. On the whole the latter could not bring herself to feel that it was an extraordinary or at all untoward thing, when the heir to the new baronetcy asked for her consent to his engagement to her good, gloriously unselfish, beautiful daughter Trixy.

But the old lady was wary, though she had no suspicion that the engagement would give less pleasure on' his side of the house than it gave on Trixy's.

"I must before I give my consent clearly understand that Sir Edward and Lady Belton are prepared to receive her heartily as their daughter-in-law," she said definitely. And Bernard had to take this definitive to his parents together with the tale of his love and folly.

With a good deal of natural hesitation and a certain amount of awkwardness, the young man broke ground with his mother first. Even if he had not previously made up his mind to reveal what he had done and what he intended doing, the confidence would have been in a measure forced upon him this day.

He had come up at an hour when he felt sure of finding his mother alone. Florence was out riding with her father, and Lady Belton was giving the hour before luncheon to household accounts in her boudoir.

To her entered her son, and instantly the books were pushed aside, and the mother toned a joyous face of maternal love and pride towards the son who would be the second baronet.

"My dear boy! come to luncheon, I hope?

"Well that will depend on ——." He had been going to say it will depend on "how she received a certain communication he had been going to make." But second thoughts decided him on not committing himself so far just at first,

She glanced keenly and curiously at him, and a pang of fear chilled her heart. He was looking embarrassed! More embarrassed than she had ever seen him before. And this before herself only. If his father had been present she would not have been half so much alarmed.

However, she would not allow any prescience of evil to affect her voice or demeanor, and so she said cheerfully:

"We are going to-night to see 'Flora Floored' at the Absurdity, and I hoped you would go with us," Lady Belton said. And he started up without answering her, and walked to the window in a vain endeavor to conceal his discomposure.

Could the fates have ordained any more horrible combination of circumstances than this! That on the very day he came home pledged to made known his engagement to Miss Baldew to his family, they should be going to the Absurdity, where she was dancing and singing as "Miss Fontenoy." He nearly cried, but reminded himself of his manhood and of his mother's devotion to him, and didn't.

"My dear Bernard, what is the matter with you to-day?" She came and put her hand on his shoulder, and he felt that now or never he must take the plunge. So nerving with thoughts of Trixy's grace and goodness and beauty, he began:

"The fact is, mother, you'll have to stand by me, and up for me with my father; I'm father; I'm going to marry the best and prettiest girl in the world."

Involuntarily Lady Belton's hand relaxed its hold of his shoulder. She knew by unerring intuition that if her boy was going to marry Miss Galbraith, the duke's heir, there would be no need for any one to stand "by him, and up for him" with his father.

"My poor boy," she said, with a sob in her voice and a wealth of most maddening commiseration in her face.

"Don't call me that; wait till I've told you about her," he said eagerly, drawing his mother nearer to him and kissing her heartily. For heaven's sake side with me, mother."

"Who is the—lady?" she asked, with a hesitation before uttering the last word, which he was quick to smart under.

"Have no fear of that sort, mother; she is a lady in—in every way. A highly educated, beautiful, good girl, who is the prop and support of her widowed mother and sister. Oh, you'll love her as much as I do before long."

"The support!—is she a governess?" For the first time there was a touch of asperity in her voice.

"No, no; but unless I tell it to you all in my own way, without interruptions, you'll never understand."

"Merciful heavens! nothing lower than that, I trust, Bernard? quickly tell me.—What is she?"

"An actress," he said rather faintly, and Lady Belton gave a little cry of horror and disappointment—maybe of a little anger too, and tottered back to her chair.

The worst was over now, Bernard told himself, and his words flowed freely enough in explanation now. Indeed Lady Belton was too shattered to interrupt him, and when she pictured his father's look of angry contempt for her boy's infatuation, she quailed in spirit.

"Where does she—at what theatre does this—this Miss Baldew play?" she asked at length.

"At the Absurdity," he answered, coloring freely and feeling that it was too hard a fellow should be made to feel criminal, merely because he had announced his intention of marrying the dearest girl in the world."

"Worse and worse!" Lady Belton monned.

"She'll leave it now; she'll give up the stage at once, now," he protested. "Do be kind about it, mother; say you'll go and call on her."

"It will kill me to receive her; besides, without your father's consent I can do nothing. Oh! Bernard, this is bitter, very bitter; and you might have married Miss Galbraith."

"Never, after seeing Trixy," he said determinately. "It will kill me to lose her, and so I shall give my father to understand."

He said this very courageously; his father not being there to hear him.

"You must break it to him, mother dear," the young man said coaxingly, when in about half-an-hour they heard Florence's flying feet advancing rapidly upon them.

Lady Belton shuddered with unmistakable force and reality.

"Your father will half murder me with one of his looks."

"My dear mother, so you used to say when I outran my pocket-money; in reality you're not a bit afraid of my father, and when you see the dear girl I've chosen—"

"Hush! for mercy's sake. Your sister," Lady Belton cried in agony, as Florence came springing in upon them.

"Bernard, dear old boy; come up for to-night, have you? Oh, don't shake your head you naughty boy. You must—simply must. We met Claire Galbraith, and had a spin with her mother, and papa asked her himself to dine here to-night and go with us to 'Flora Floored,' and she's coming—why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, this is the last straw," Lady Belton cried passionately.

"You'd better speak to my father at once," Bernard suggested, and Lady Belton, in spite of her hatred of it all, found herself being affectionately turned out of the room by Bernard, in order that she might act as his ambassadress.

"Put luncheon back for half-an-hour."

"You'll get it over before then, my dear mother."

"I doubt if I shall ever come out of his study alive," Lady Belton said tragically.

Then she went down to face the worst and Bernard was left alone with his sister.

"What does it mean, Bernard?"

"It means that I am going to give you the sweetest sister-in-law in the world."

"Claire Galbraith?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Who then?" And he told her.

Meanwhile Lady Belton was making her husband acquainted with the fell facts.

How she broached the subject she never could clearly recollect, and she received no manner of aid from Sir Edward. He listened to her in almost motionless silence.

"He is our only son, he is everything to us; his happiness must be our first consideration. If you drive him to despair now Edward, he may do something desperate!"

"A minute ago you were declaring that such a marriage would break your heart;

I don't clearly understand whether you wish the affair to go on and have your heart broken, or whether you wish me to interfere and drive him to desperation."

"You can argue about it; I can only feel," she said indignantly.

"Well, don't cry; if you weep at him he's quite as likely to go and marry her to-morrow as he is if I were to storm at him. We must do neither. Luncheon must be ready, and I don't see why Bernard should not escort you to the Absurdity to night."

"Where she is? Madness!"

"Not at all. He can't indulge in raptures there, and if he does indulge in them Miss Galbraith will soon make him feel himself to be the fool he is."

"Shall you forbid it now—at once?"

"No need to do that—I can't forbid it: he's twenty-two, and will please himself. Send him to me for a minute."

"You absolutely seem disposed to encourage the madness," she cried.

"My dear woman! You came into this room with the avowed object of pleading for her son. I have listened to your plea. What more do you want?"

Then Lady Belton went back to her children, and found Bernard showing photographs of Miss Fontenoy in character to his sister.

The minute's conversation with his father was not half so appalling as he had anticipated.

"Well, Bernard," Sir Edward said, looking up and nodding, as his son entered the study, "what's this I hear?"

"I suppose my mother has told you all there is to tell, sir."

"I don't know."

"You won't set your face against it, I trust, sir," Bernard began hotly; "because, I tell you fairly, if you do I shall marry Miss Baldew at once."

"Really! Perhaps Miss Baldew would feel obliged if I did set my face against it, then."

"She wouldn't; she would be miserable. Give her an opportunity of winning your heart as she has won mine."

"That would be unjust to your mother," Sir Edward said smiling grimly.

"My mother will call, if you will permit her to do so."

"By all means."

"And you will invite them here?"

"By 'them' do you mean the whole of the Absurdity Company?"

"I mean her mother and herself., sir," Bernard said haughtily. He thought he was gaining such a glorious victory.

"Oh, most distinctly. Will Miss Fontenoy come in character? If so, I see no need for your mother to engage the 'Performing Dog, for her 'at home' on the fifteenth."

"This chaff won't alter me, sir; it will only test and strengthen my affection for her."

"That, of course, is my object," Sir Edward said courteously.

Then the father and son went in to luncheon amicably together.

Bernard had faithfully promised Trixy Baldew that he would go to her as soon as his interview with his parents was over, and tell her the result of it. But this day home chains were about him strongly. They had been so good to him, he felt, in spite of his mother's tears and his father's chaff, that he owed them some slight return. Accordingly he stayed singing with his sister till the five-o'clock-tea people came pouring in, and then his mother whispered to him to "stay and help her talk to them,' as she had so thoroughly exhausted herself on his behalf in the morning.

A dozen topics of the day were lightly and safely gossiped about, when something—the same feeling which prompts people to look over precipices and skate on thin ice—made Lady Belton say:

"We are going to the Absurdity to-night. Have you seen the new piece."

Half a dozen had, the remainder had not; and with a burning face Bernard listened to the conversation that ensued, and that was something in this strain:

"I haven't seen it; but Miss Fontenoy, the Sylph, you know, dances and sings in it; she's always worth seeing."

"She's a dear thing," another lady put in. "My dressmaker makes for her, and she says she's quite a model girl off the stage, as well as on it."

"How long will that last?" sneered another.

And Bernard, in spite of his mother's imploring glances, could bear it no longer. "As long as she lives, I dare swear." Then with admirable simplicity and true feeling he went on: "I ought to have told you at once that I am in a position to speak with accurate knowledge of Miss Baldew. She has promised to be my wife, but the engagement is so recent that I shouldn't have proclaimed it until I had been to her the bearer of my parents' consent."

"Your parents' consent!" How very pleasing and extraordinary," the young lady who had questioned "now long it would last" said affably. Then gradually the visitors dispersed and Lady Belton felt that "the worst would be known all over London to-morrow"

The poor Sylph! She had not shed such bitter tears since her father died as she did this night before going to the theatre.

"Bernard hasn't been here, nor has he written," she said with grieving lips to her mother; "they have taken him away from me."

The old lady blinked away her tears.

"My own poor girl! If he has given you up so readily he's not worthy of you."

"Only I do love him, mother; why can't they let him love me?"

Just then a telegram came from Bernard.

"All right, shall see you to-morrow; shall be at the theatre to-night with mother and sister."

Then Trixy cried copiously again but this time with joyfulness.

The next day the engagement was announced in the fashionable journals. And presently Trixy gave up the stage, and went to stay with her lover's illustrious family, where she had the advantage of Miss Galbraith's society and several other inestimable privileges.

Miss Galbraith was one of the few who seemed really to sympathize with Bernard about his engagement, and who were really kind to the girl to whom he was engaged. But some way or other Miss Galbraith's kindness always had the effect of making Trixy nervous, and Miss Galbraith's sympathy made Bernard irritable. Nevertheless she was quite a feature in the Belton family.

So matters went on till the end of the season.

"The wedding day will surely be fixed soon now, Trixy" her mother said to her one morning.

"Bernard spoke of August," Trixy said brightly.

"By-the-way," she added presently, "I've had a bit of letter from him this morning; he tells me to look for Belton movements in the Queen."

"I'll send out and get one," said Mrs. Baldew promptly. And she did, and in it they read:

"Sir Edward and Lady Belton for Box Place, Northamptonshire; Mr. and Miss Belton have already sailed for the Mediterranean in Mr. Galbraith's yacht, 'The Flight.' We are requested to announce that Mr. Belton's marriage with Miss Fontenoy will not take place."

After a long time, a time that seemed agonizingly long to her poor mother, Beatrix Baldew raised her head and broke the silence.

"Don't sorrow so, mother. I won't disgrace you. I'll neither play the part of 'stricken dove' nor will I bring an action for breach of promise. I love you too well to do the first; I have loved him too well to do the second."

IN A CHINESE CITY.

The Island of Hongkong is lying far behind us. We left, at eight o'clock this morning, its lovely harbor, with the straggling town of Victoria, sweltering in the heat, shut out from the sea-breeze by the towering wall of rock that, rising abruptly culminates in the Peak two thousand feet above.

We have threaded the dangerous channels through the numberless, almost countless islands in the mouth of the Pearl River, and are now steaming swiftly up the stream, in the good ship "Hankow"—every dip of the ponderous walking-beam overhead sending us farther and farther into the interior of this mysterious land of China.

We have passed the famous Bogue forts—raised by German engineers to close the passage—and we wondered if these engineers had an eye to future possibilities, a time when the black eagle flag might have to be carried up the river as the banner of an enemy.

Admirably placed, mounting many many heavy guns, the Forts dominate the whole of the deep channel; but while the larger door for the cat is closed, the small door for the kitten is left open, and it would appear perfectly easy for small, swift launches and torpedo boats to sneak in safety round the flanks and land men and machine-guns on the commanding heights beyond, against fire from which there appears to be no protection.

In two places on our passage we passed through the rows of piles by which the river was closed in the late French war. Sufficient openings have been made for the daylight passage of ships; but night work is difficult and dangerous with the strong tideway and inferior lighting of the barriers.

Next in sight appeared our first pagoda—dream of our childhood! Oh! how the gin a shades of many a bygone longing came back to memory, each with its delicate ivory carving, rising tier on tier, not forgetting the bells at the corners, nor the card at the bottom requesting us not to touch! This last admonition is faithfully observed by the Chinese themselves.

All but one portion of those we saw were neglected and failing to decay. One cause of decay was curious; when first the Whampoah Pagoda came in sight our glasses were busy examining it, and an appearance at the top puzzled us completely; after many a fertile guess, we found on near approach, a very large tree growing on the far side of the pagoda, its roots embedded in masonery a hundred and forty feet from the ground. Every roof, in every pagoda that we saw that day, had its trees and bushes, some large, some small; but all originally springing from seeds brought by birds. The particular tree noticed above must have had a trunk some eighteen inches thick.

The river at Whampoa divides into many channels, forming islands from ten to fifty acres in extent, and flat as a billiard table. The soil is only a few inches higher than the surface of the stream at high water, and every square inch is under cultivation. Rice, rice, rice, wherever the eye can rest.

Life on the river now becomes busy; boats, large and small, of every shape and, apparently, in every stage of decay, ply up and down, across and across the stream, now struggling to secure good luck by crossing our bows, now appearing to sink bodily under the swell raised by our passage.

The spectator feels a vague sense of pity for some of these boats, so overladen are they; however, their owners know their capabilities, and do not seem to mind a little more or less water coming in over the gunwales, which, in many cases, are seemingly flush with the river; indeed, in several small boats we saw the crew bailing water, not out of, but into, their crazy craft.

A curious method of propulsion now appeared. A long, low barge, crammed and packed with passengers, was driven by a rude stern paddle-wheel, worked by long levers, on which three rows of four men each kept up a rhythmical tread, and a very fair speed resulted. It was a fine instance of economizing space, for, with the number of passengers carried, there would be no room for oars.

We now passed the busy little town of Whampoa, with steamers and many sailing ships lying off, most of the vessels flying the English ensign, though Germany was represented by a smart little man-of war, looking so bright and trim among the workaday craft around. The Chinese have a Naval depot and Torpedo yard here, and very much in earnest looked the ten or twelve torpedo boats lying at anchor, each floating the curious pointed Imperial flag—yellow, with a dragon device in black.

The Torpedo School is under German officers at present; but the time is quickly coming when China will be satisfied with her own powers in naval and military matters, and will dismiss her schoolmasters; just as Japan is now building and running her own railways, on American ideas, learnt from her now-dismissed instructors.

At last, in the distance ahead, looms up a big and familiar-looking building. Canton is in sight. Canton, the Chinese southern capital, with a population variously estimated at from one to four millions of people, Chinese among other Chinese towns, the home of Conservatism, where the first words the children learn to lisp are "Foreign Devil," and where the foreigner is despised as a barbarian; and yet the first building visible, the only one, in fact, except a far-away pagoda, is the Roman Catholic Cathedral. It is not built away among the foreign houses in the little English settlement, cut off from the rest of the town, but away in the heart of the busy city itself—miles from a friendly house—standing like a missionary alone in a heathen crowd.

If there were boats at Whampoa, what shall we say to the state of the river in Canton? That it is as crowded as Canton Street? as London Bridge? More so; for while the channel itself is covered with passing craft, the banks are lined with rank upon rank, row upon row, literally street upon street of boats which are the home of their crews. An anxious time must be daily passed by the captain of this huge river ship, as he threads his way through the crowd.

To day, as we approach the wharf, a strong tide is running up, and many a narrow escape is recorded as, urged by the tide almost as much as by her paddles, the ship surges near enough for the shore-lines to be thrown, and we are warped slowly to the resting-place.

The river folk are taciturn; but on shore the Oriental love of jabber holds its own, as noise enough to deafen one rises from our seven hundred Chinese passengers—till now cooped up on the lower deck—as they emerge and are greeted by a similiar crowd beyond the barrier.

At a European port, this crowd would be one of idlers drawn by curiosity; but idlers are unknown here.

The Chinaman is a busy man through all the daylight hours for seven days a week. From dawn to dark his work goes on; his very children—who become bread winners before they can fairly talk—use their father's implements as playthings, and where our bairns would play at keeping shop, the baby Chinaman, with block of wood and heavy chopper, goes through the motions of splitting firewood.

One day he will make a splinter, and from that day forth becomes a worker. This business of splitting firewood, is the daily task of at least one member of a family, in a town where no coal is burnt; and when baby can begin to chop, big brother will help his father at his trade.

No, the crowd beyond the barrier are on business, each eager to set to work with his partner just arrived, and grudging the time before they can discuss it. And now through the crowd comes quietly a privileged man, with something of a Western look upon his Oriental features. He is the guide, Ah Cum, who, for many years, has daily met the boat to take the foreign visitors round. His English is curious, but fluent, picked up in this manner from many a globe explorer; and, in the midst of a solemn description of god or temple, a quaint Americanism or bit of English slang will be used with an earnestness that is touching.

After arranging to return to the ship for dinner and the night—for she will stay over the next day, Sunday—we confide our destinies to Ah Cum, and enter the capital of the Kwang Tung.

Pushing through the swarming crowd we enter sedan chairs, and, borne by shrieking coolies, plunge into the town. Is this a street, or a chink that leads to one? Barely five feet wide, the open vensians of the upper story touching, the sky above hidden by make shift awnings of boards, cloths, mats, paper, anything that will cast a shade—dark as Erebus—surely it is a chink. We turn to the right with difficulty, as the long chairs require skillful manœuvring round the corner. Again a chink, we turn again; again a chink; and we realize the that the streets we had heard called narrow are very narrow indeed.

In no instance did we find a street ten feet wide, and most were far less; and each filled with a yelling, jostling crowd of busy men. As in London City, in business hours, women were conspicuous by their absence. Children, several; women, one or two; men, in millions we appeared to meet.

We now turn into a cleaner, brighter, but no wider street, where the shops betoken a richer quarter, and we examine it curiously. The awnings overhead are now chiefly mats and canvas. There is no attempt at fit or uniformity, each householder providing his own at his own sweet will. Below these hang the clothing and family linen of those living above the shops. Perhaps the air is purer in the street, and they are hung to ventilate; then, alas for the air in the house!

The houses are but a single story high, so the clothes hang pretty low; but below these again hang the gaily-colored signs of the shopmen: boards some eight inches wide and ten feet long—scarlet, green, umber, sienna—every color is there except blue, the red predominating. These boards, which hang by one end about a foot from the houses, bear each a perpendicular row of large Chinese characters, carved or painted, and, while adding local color, they narrow the perspective of the street.

The pavement is of granite blocks, stretched across from house to house, and slightly arched in the centre. Drainage there is none; what liquid is thrown from the shops or windows from the shops or the rooms above evaporates in the stifling heat, and nothing but the smell remains. And the smell, what does that matter? Would introducing a pink into an acre of roses affect the nostrils? Everything in every place in Canton smells and smells vilely; and yet so great is the variety that none remains long enough to annoy, unless you stand still.

Lighting cigars to add another and pleasanter scent to help us while we wait let us look at the shops like visiting country cousins. We dutifully begin, when Ah Cum dismounts with a twinkle in his eye.

"You know what that is?" he chuckles, pointing to a frying, frizzling mess in an open pan, apparently cooking by the heat of the sun, but really heated by a round furnace built into the counter. We simper vaguely, but see nothing unusual. "That cat," he goes on with a broad smile.

Hanging round the shop front are the trussed bodies of other cats; and very funny they look: the white, naked bodies decked, like the pouiterer's pheasants at home, each with its furry tail—tabby, tortoiseshell, or black, to say that here the veritable cat, and not the inferior rabbit is for sale. For all that, very few cats are eaten, and this shop is shown as a curiosity, though here and there through the town we catch a glimpse of furry tails, or, more commonly, hairy ones, where the dog is being made useful after death.

Next door, we have a shop for the sale of rice paper drawings. Division of labor here comes into play, and we see that the delicate pictures are not each the loving work of an artist, as we had supposed, but copies made against time.

A finished picture is taken, five or six transparent sheets laid over and quickly traced in fine pencil, and passed on by the tracer, one to the boy with scarlet, another to the boy with blue, and so on; the head only being left to be painted by the solemn, round-spectacled old gentleman in the corner, whose mustache betrays the fact that he is a grandfather. We buy a set of a dozen scenes in prison for about half-a-crown, and pass on.

"See that blue," says Ah Cum, as we enter another shop, pointing to a dull blue of curious tint, being inserted as enamel into delicate, gold filagree jewelry. "Know what that is?" Of course we don't know; and Ah Cum proceeds to explain by pulling open a drawer, as if the place belonged to him, and producing a handful of feathers. "That kingfisher feather." The boy in the corner is cutting the feathers into shreds, each little heap representing a different tint, while the workman takes these little bits and fixes them with gum. The work is tawdry, and like inferior enamel; but for the curiosity we select some small pieces, and move on.

How the people seem to enjoy themselves in those shops that are not workshops! Look at that fat old fellow in the bootstore, with the fat soled slippers round him. Leaning back, with his stool at an angle of forty five degrees, his round shoulders quivering like a jelly against the wall, he is laughing and chatting with a friend, who talks from the street. Naked to the waist, and fanning his paunchy form, he looks the picture of content. Why! the next man is like him; so is the next.

They are all shoemakers, it being "China custom" for trades to cluster in this fashion. Evidently, shoes are fattening. No, there's a jeweler just as fat and jolly. Sell? They don't care! Give their terms? "All litee, Chin-Chin." Refuse their terms? "All litee—maskee, Chin Chin." Take it or leave it, we're quite happy, they seem to say. And yet, if he wants to deal, it would be hard to find an acuter bargainer.

The shop we stare at in our well-bred way is a barber's. China must be the paradise of hair-dressers, for at least once a day each respectale man must have his head shaved. Look at that fellow now, leaning over the brass basin on the peculiar green and scarlet stand, of a form that all these barters affect. He has had his queue unplaited, and washed, and now the barber is combing it out. Glossy, black, rather coarse, but long and abundant—it must be five feet long, at least.

Now it is plaited, and the coiffure is com-

plete. First, the forehead has been shaved to a line just behind the ears; the neck has been shaved to the swell of the head; and then the remaining hair has been plaited in three strands, resulting in a so called "pig-tail"—or as a Chinaman expresses it, a tress,—as thick as your wrist where it leaves the head, tapering to nothing, and finished off with a tassel of black silk ribbons, that reach within a few inches of the ground.

He is very proud of his tail, is your Chinaman, and to touch it is to insult him, badge of servitude though it is, forced upon his ancestors two hundred years ago by their Manchu conquerors. We shall find by-and bye the pig tail put to a use its wearer hardly bargained for—but that must come at its proper time.

Ah Cum now thinks we have seen enough shops, and we are by no means sorry to escape the crowd that has gathered. The crowd did not look much at us, but take the most vivid interest in things we look at.

We stop to inspect one of the ordinary sign-boards. It probably says that "Hing Loong has for sale tables, chairs, and all kinds of wooden things;" but from the grave and reverential way in which every busy man passing stops and reads it over and over again, merely because we look at it, it might be a heavenly message flashed for the comfort of this celestial people.

We take our chairs, our bearers again shrieking and yelling as they jostle through the throng; and as we pass we notice that the shops, all open to the street, and innocent of door or window, change their character, and making, rather than selling, is the business of the street.

Here, on the left, is a weaver's loom. It is primitive, but by no means simple. One man sits below, throwing the shuttle and working the warp thread with enormous pedals; overhead another man, playing, it would seem, an elaborate harp formed of delicate silk strings, catching unerringly the threads which form the pattern, the while affair grating and groaning, but every movement in exact time like so much clockwork.

Here, on the right, is a jade-working shed, where the valuable stone, almost priceless when in large lumps of good color, is cut and polished by half-naked boys in a room a not-fastidious dog would avoid. We ask the price of a small cylinder, the size of a silk-reel, hear that it is forty dollars and pass on. We stop at a low, dirty-looking room, hung with filthy clothes, where three coolies are playing their eternal game of "how many fingers do I hold up" for drinks round, and are told that there the best ivory in Canton is produced.

A cadaverous-looking man in the corner is pulled awake by Ah Cum, and unlocking a crazy door in the antediluvian press, just visible through its dust, produces some of those delicately-carved card cases, and such like things which these men produce with the most unpromising tools. Bits of sharpened wire and patience are the ivory-carver's stock in trade.

We look at some of those marvels of patient work, the hollow concentric balls—the one now in hand has thirteen, one inside the other—and pass on, for Ah Cum is impatient to show the next thing on his programme, The Temple of Five Hundred Deities.

We have been warned not to expect architectural beauties in Canton; and lo! a common, barn-like building, with a common, barn-like door, flanked by two dilapidated Buddhist idols, in unlocked by an old crone who keeps poultry in the recess where stand the idols, and we are ushered directly into the temple. It is for all the world like a temporary museum; a long, central room, with others crossing it at right angles, low, dirty, lighted from above by a continuous cobweb covered skylight; no altar, no place for worshippers, it is simply a disreputable barn, in which are stored the five hundred and three figures which deserve a fitter habitation. All the figures in this Chinese temple are different in action, aspect and meaning.

There they sit, row upon row, life-sized, natural, a solemn silence round. Before each is smouldering insense, sending fragrant smoke into the air. We speak in hushed whispers together.

Ah Cum, who has been bowing reverently before his particular "joss," steals back, and with an air of reverence, whispers:

"Bally fine, aint it?"

He meant well; but it was incongruous, and we laughed.

Examined in detail, the figures are more interesting and less solemn. Here is a fat, cheery old soul, with five chuboy children in his lap; his big toe is worn away by the kisses of matrons wishing a similar family. There is a wrinkled sage with an arm ten feet long, up-stretched to commemorate the action of Kwa-Ping to, as he held the moon in the heavens in her hour of danger.

Here is a portrait-model of Mar o Polo, said to have been carved at the date of his sojourn in China. It is pitiable to see these beautifully-carved figures, some full of grace or dignity, covered an inch thick in dust, and looked at only by careless tourists. We leave the place rather subdued, and work our way back to the ship.

A capital dinner, followed by an astronomical chat with genial Captain Lloyd, who is interested in watching the satellites of Jupiter, brings the time round for our evening jaunt, and punctually to her time appears our "slipper-boat." We are rowed over the moonlit river by three comely Chinese lasses, and steered by a fourth, all in fits of laughter, but with eyes alert for every passing boat and grandly tuey manage the handy little "slipper," until a sweep from the steering oar brings us alongside the first of the flower boats.

Flower-boat is a pretty term; but a more explicit one would be, floating restaurant. In this first one a dinner is being prepared for a rich Chinaman and his friends; the tables covered with sweetmeats of every color, gaudy china, and flowers. Flowers everywhere—on roof, walls, seats; and among them hang, a discordant note in the harmony of color, glass globular mirrors, such as hang in gin places at home, red, blue, crimson, wherever room can be found. The whole is lighted by numberless cheap petroleum lamps with white shades, which are imported to China by the million.

Incongruity is here, as it always is in China—showy linen, sweet flowers, brilliant lights on one hand, and on the other, dirty, half clad, cigarette-smoking pirates, spitting, yawning, odorous. These are the waiters resting before the company arrives.

We embark rather than land, to walk through this floating village. Each boat is fastened to its neighbor as they lay side by side, and a plank road runs in front of the bows wide enough for a busy crowd to pass and for tables to be placed, where, at this hour, sit and jabber, and drink and smoke, a filthy crowd of Chinamen, each in the clothes he has worked in all day. At each of the many tables sit, also, girls—painted, rouged as China-woman only rouges; till they look like pretty dolls.

Pretty, very pretty, some, but emotionless; talked to, but not replying—very weary look these Chinese singing-girls. By a merciful chance there was no singing while we were there—we have heard it before, Chinese singing; so have dwellers in London, who hear it rising nightly from house-top and back-yard. We walk through half a mile of this floating village.

After a hard day's work, a man will come here, sit at his ease, drink samshu, look at, perhaps even talk to, one of the pretty dolls for half an hour, yawn, and then go back to the land, to gamole, very likely, until morning in one of the many dens.

On resuming the ship again, we are glad to turn in, after a fatiguing day, and we pass a restless night with the mosquitoes, most of the latter being Canton bred; but some having stuck to the ship during her ninety-mile trip up the Pearl River.

"MAGIC" OF MODERN DAYS.

A few years ago public attention was directed to a trial in Moscow, in which M. dame Boulach was charged with having used undue influence to secure the fortune of Mdlle. Mazourine. Long before the facts were disclosed, it was rumored that the young lady was detained against her will. The Public Prosecutor, to whom appeal was made by a Privy Councillor, doubted the criminality of the case, and considered it impossible to take proceedings as long as Mdlle. Mazourine remained in the hands of the accused, whose influence over her was all powerful.

Madame Boulach seems to have induced the young lady to make her a gift of her immense fortune, and afterwards to have succeeded in convincing her that death was only a passage to a better life, and that suicide was the proper way to hasten that passage. To this view the wily dame had also brought a prelate to the city by the power of her mesmeric influence, or, as was alleged with more semblance of truth, by a gift of 30,000 roubles. Whatever the means employed, the bishop was persuaded to bestow his blessing upon Mdlle. Mazourine, and thereby to strengthen her dete mination to take away her life. Happily this intention was frustrated, and poetic justice was satisfied by the punishment of the schemer, the insanity of the prelate, and the restoration of the young lady's fortune.

An even more remarkable instance lately came before the notice of the police of Buda-Pesth. A boy at the Grammar School in that city confessed to his father that for some time he had taken money from the till because he was ordered to do so by a man who had made him the subject of an experiment in hypnotism. The father went to the school authorities, and it was then discovered that other boys in the class were in the same plight, and, as mediums, had stolen money to maintain the scientist. This story is in strict accord with the theory of Dr. Hamilton, that a hypnotised subject will remain in that condition as long as two years, and that an unscrupulous individual may make him commit any crime.

The theory of hypnotic influence is carried to a ridiculous degree in a story told on the authority of the well-known Madame Blavatsky. A Servian prince and his aunt and niece were found murdered in their garden. The assassins escaped and left no clue.

Travelling in Croatia, Madame Blavatsky fell in with a French mesmerist, who had secured in a Roumanian gypsy a "medium of wonderful clairvoyance." With the assistance of this medium and of a relative of the murdered prince, the hypnotist endeavored to unravel the mystery of the crime. While entranced the girl got beyond the control of the Frenchman, and, in the words of the narrative, "the powerful will of the prince's relative got possession of the sensitive's organism, and used it with deadly effect."

"Can your spirit seek out these murderers?" asked the avenger.

"I go," whispered the medium.

We have the word of Madame Blavatsky—a lady who assures us that she has actually seen, touched, and spoken with "physic, temporarily solidified forms" of human spirits—that a luminous shadow broke off the girl's form, and, having condensed into a likeness of the gipsy, disappeared. "Suddenly a thrilling cry burst from the entranced girl's lips. She bent forward and, snatching from her bosom a stiletto which the avenger had placed there, plunged it furiously around her in the air, as if pursuing imaginary foes."

At that very moment in distant Vienna two gentlemen in waiting upon an Austrian prince exhibited signs of great terror. They ran screaming about the room, holding up their hands, as if to ward off the blows of an unseen weapon. They expired in agony, without external wounds, though under the skin were dark marks, as of stabs. Thus, according to Madame Blavatsky, was the prince avenged, and the existence of the "psychic forms" and of hypnotic influence established.

There is one remarkable feature in these stories: their origin is foreign. It would, however, be a mistake to assume that we are behind the rest of the world in occult influence.

A coachbuilder recently brought this influence to bear upon a young lady, in the hope that it would help his wooing. He professed to hold communion with the lady's father, and declared that the parental shade had expressed his self in favor of the union; even going so far as to recommend that the suitor should kill his daughter unless she consented.

Lack of sensitiveness or want of culture in psychics construed this spirit communication into a threat of murder, for which the amorous coachbuilder and medium was called upon to answer at the Police Court.

Still more recent is the case of a charwoman who brought an action against her landlord to recover the sum of $2000. Her story was that the defendant was a mesmerist, who, having induced her to live in his house, had got her under his influence so completely that she was constrained to part with her hard earned savings.

Whatever the court may have thought of this plea, it held that the woman's case had been made out to an extent which entitled her to compensation.

Equally curious is the story told of a young lawyer lately charged with murder. The youth, who is said to have been a mesmerist, having completed his studies in Paris, returned to his home in Algeria.

There he made the acquaintance of a lady, who is described as having interested herself in hypnotism, and as having been the subject of several experiments, the effect of which was to place her sole entirely under the control of the lawyer.

She was afterwards found stabbed to the heart. The young man attempted suicide, but having failed in the attack upon his life, was put upon his trial for murder.

The defence set up was that, while in the hypnotic condition, the lady had involuntarily destroyed herself, and that the mesmerist, fearing the consequences, had endeavored to kill himself. It may interest students of the credulity of modern days to know that this extraordinary defence had the effect it was intended to produce upon the jury, and that the prisoner was acquitted.

Here again we are not far behind foreign nations in appeals to the potency of modern credulity. A defence quite as strange as that offered in Algeria by an astute and unscrupulous French lawyer was heard not long ago in an English court at the trial of a man charged with aiding and abetting in the murder of his wife.

The lady, a sincere believer in spiritualism, took it into her head one day that she would like to "release her soul and become a spirit." Her husband, it appears, was informed of this intention, and was asked if he would grieve much when she was no longer with him in the body. He replied that it would be wrong; and, thus encouraged, the poor woman swallowed a dose of poison. The husband, who also seems to have been a spiritualist, actually related these facts after watching the "bursting of her earthly bonds," and added, by way of conclusive justification, that he had no right to control the "spirit" of his wife.

True unselfishness, like true love, must seek the highest good of others—that and that and nothing else—must be willing to give up, if need be, some of its own "dear delights," and even seem to choose the little pleasures and indulgences which it would so gladly hand over to others—must learn to find its highest pleasure, not in self mortification, nor indeed in any self-mortification, nor indeed in any self regarding at all, but simply in the furtherance of the true happiness, the true welfare, the best and highest interests of others.

THE TRAP DOOR SPIDER.—The trap-door spider found in various parts of Europe has obtained its popular name from the ingenious nest which it constructs. It makes a hole in the ground and lines it with moss and silk; when this has been completed it closes the little pit with an accurately fitting lid that turns on a hinge of silk. The spider retires into this den when threatened with attack, and is said to hang on to the trap-door when an attempt is made to raise it.

SAGO AND APPLES.—Soak a quarter of a pound of sago, then boil it in a pint and a half of water with a quarter of a pound of sugar; boil slowly for about three-quarters of an hour, then add one pound of apples peeled and cut into small thin slices. Boil again for another hour, pour into a mould, and set by until cold. Turn out into a dish, and serve with milk and sugar.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A Russian officer has invented a luminous projectile to be fired from a gun. It is claimed that it will be extremely useful for discovering the movement of an enemy in a naval contest at night.

A sample of cotton with a history has just been exhibited in Nashville. "It came from a bale raised near West Point, Miss., in 1863. The man who raised the cotton was offered 42 cents per pound for it in 1864, but refused to take it. He has since been holding for a rise that never came, and on March 19 last he sold it for 10 cents per pound. Estimating the bale to weigh 500 pounds, and counting simple interest on the money at 6 per cent., the planter lost $487.60 by not disposing of it twenty-six years ago. The cotton is perfectly sound, and as good as when taken from the field."

A novel method of ridding steamboats of rodents has been successfully tested at Pittsburg. The youngest son of the captain of a river steamer was some time ago presented with a pair of spotted snakes, which, as they were perfectly harmless, were deposited in the hull of the boat until they could be conveniently housed. A few days ago a great commotion was noticed among the rats, which almost infest steamboats and barges in great numbers, and hundreds of them were observed scampering ashore on the handspring and stern lines. The evacuation continued all night, and in the morning the captain found both snakes dead, having been literally torn to pieces by the infuriated animals, but not one of the latter was found remaining on the boat.

Texas farmers have been almost ruined by the depredations of rats. To get rid of them a novel expedient has come into use. The farmer finds a burrow in which from 50 to 100 rats reside. Every exit save one is carefully stopped. At this one is placed a common iron tea kettle. Opposite the spout is bored a hole, in which is inserted a piece of gas pipe about one foot long. Over the spout is placed another piece of pipe, which is run into the opening leading to the burrow. A fire is then built in the kettle, and a couple of handsful of sulphur thrown on the coals. The top being closed, the fumes are driven into the burrow by a hand bellows, the nozzle of which is inserted in the top pipe. Some of these burrows are 50 yards in length; the fumes go through all its passages, and in five minutes every young and old rodent is dead.

There is a novel movement on foot in some of the leading barber shops of New York. It is interesting as showing the necessity of making a stand against the Gothamite habit of hurrying through everything. There's a big shop in Nassau street, which keeps twenty odd chairs going. Some time ago the clock was taken out of it, and now there's no way for a customer to find out the hour. If he asks the barber who is shaving him the reply is that his watch has stopped or isn't right. "I had to take away the clock," said the boss barber to a *World* reporter, "because my customers got so fidgety my men couldn't shave 'em properly. They'd lie in the chairs with their eyes on the minute hand and hurry and squirm until they got out or, as they said, 'missed an appointment.' No barber could shave 'em satisfactory to himself or to them. Other boss barbers are taking out their clocks."

Nearly thirty years ago a young Englishman named Robert Brown left his native town, Surrey, and came to America. For several years he corresponded with his sister at home, then the letters grew infrequent, and finally ceased. When last heard from he was in Boston. The sister wrote, only to have her letters returned through the Dead Letter office marked "Not found." Finally, as a last resort, she addressed a letter to "President Harrison, Washington, D. C., U. S. A.," relating these facts and imploring his aid in finding her brother. This letter found its address a few weeks ago. Instead of going to the waste basket it was forwarded to Mayor Hart, of Boston, with a request that he look Mr. Brown up. In a short time response came that Robert Brown was dead, and had left two sons, both prosperous young business men in Boston, and the news was sent to their aunt in Surrey last week.

The *Warsaw Courier* reports a singular fatality which occurred recently in that city. A young Jewess from Kieff was visiting her friends in the Polish capital, who gave a ball in honor of their handsome young kinswoman. The latter purchased for the occasion a pair of long Danish gloves. Whilst dancing the young lady felt a severe pain in her left wrist, which became suddenly inflamed and swollen. It appears that whilst making her toilette she had slightly pricked her wrist with a pin. A medical examination showed that the young lady was suffering from carbuncle and blood poisoning, contracted from the glove, which the doctors declare to have been made from the skin of an animal suffering from carbuncle or anthrax. Notwithstanding the various means adopted by the doctor to save their unfortunate patient, she died within forty eight hours in great agony. The fatal gloves were purchased in a fashionable Warsaw shop.

Be willing to do well without praise.

Our Young Folks.

THE BALLOONIST.

BY J. C. TILDESLEY.

SOMETIMES when walking in the country or near the city you see a pear shaped object in the air, floating as easily in it as a ship floats in water. That pear shaped thing is often my balloon, and I am the man in it," said the "out-of-the way" person to me.

"Alone, by myself? Yes, quite alone. I am out of the way, and can look down on all things on earth. Perhaps you would like to know why I go up? At times I go for amusement, or to find out something about Nature: the air or the clouds. At other times I go for money, and on these occasions I take a couple of other people with me. But I do not mind being alone."

"Were you ever in a balloon, or did any of you young folk ever see a balloon filled and sent up into the air? Some of you may live to see balloons travel about in the air, steered as ships are in the sea. Fancy taking a balloon instead of a train or a ship and travelling to England, or across the plain up in the air!

"My balloon is made of silk, and holds an immense quantity of gas, which fills it just in the same way as you fill a soap-bubble and make it sail in the air or up to the ceiling.

"Fastened to my balloon is a kind of a basket work 'car,' as we call it. In this car three people can sit or stand, and look on the ground. Suppose you come with me and take a trip. Come!

"The balloon is ready, and pulling at the ropes which hold it down. Jump into the wicker car, and sit or kneel down. You must not mind the bumping: it will soon cease when the balloon is let go. There, we are off! 'No, you say, 'the ground is falling away from us!' It looks like it, certainly, because we do not feel the balloon rising this fine day—but the car in which we are is several hundred yards from the earth already. Oh yes, it is!

"You will, I am sure, confess that we are quite 'out of way' now. No one can hear us, but we can hear the cows lowing, and the train rumbling, and the engine whistling. These sounds come up to us, and we can see tiny looking houses, and dots on the earth which are men and women.

"There! up we go again. You see I let fall a little fine sand from a bag here. We have ballast, and in a balloon, remember, everything is ballast. The smallest article will make a difference in the height of the balloon: if you threw your boot over, or even your cap, it would make the balloon go higher.

"A chicken-bone thrown away will cause the balloon to ascend twenty-yards higher; and paper also makes a difference.

"Do you feel giddy? Very likely you do. Some people who come up with me feel quite ill; the car turns round, you see, and this twirling, if rapid, makes people ill: 'sea-sick,' you would call it, perhaps; *mal de l'air*, I would say, if you please.

"What is the use of coming up here alone? you ask. Many curious observations are made in balloons, but many terrible adventures have been experienced by people in balloons, and I have had some curious adventures myself. I daresay I could tell you some balloon stories; and when we have time I will.

"Now we are entering a cloud! You call it a mist. We shall pass through this cloud presently, and come out into the sunshine again above the mist.

"Once I was in a balloon, and I saw another man in another balloon. I could not imagine who he was, for I had not heard of anyone going up after me—and alone too.

"But then the man was by himself in a balloon as big as mine, and he was staring at me very hard. I waved my hand and he waved his; I called out, but he did not reply. I waved my cap, he waved his, but he said nothing.

"He came a little bit nearer, and then I thought I would speak to him again. But he kept away just the same distance, following me, until, greatly to my astonishment, I saw this balloon begin to melt away! It did not fall, nor burst, but it just died away as a cloud disperses in the air; and in a moment I was alone again.

"I was a little startled at first, but then I discovered that the other balloon was only a reflection of my own, and that I had been waving my hand to myself, and taking off my cap to my own image.

"There is the cloud underneath us now, and you cannot see the earth at all. People cannot get a peep at us at present, because we are higher than the clouds. Look up now, and see the beautiful blue vault above. It looks ever so much deeper and bigger than it looks on the earth, and it is space. There is nothing above you but some air—nothing but emptiness!

"We should die if we went up too high. If we went a little higher than we are now we should find breathing more difficult, till, at last, if we continued going higher, we should become insensible, and higher up still the balloon would burst, and we would fall more than five miles down to the earth. Fancy falling five miles straight down!

"No, I never had an accident, and I hope I never shall have one. Now I think we high enough, just one mile in the air! I can find the height by looking at the barometer—you will understand it some day. Now you see I am going to let out some gas, and we shall descend very nearly at the same place from which we ascended.

"We are coming down now; you can see the houses more plainly, and the trees and cattle. There is another train. The land looks like a map, doesn't it? You think it could be put together like a puzzle, perhaps? Now we are steady again.

"We must let out our grapnel now, and catch the tree, unless you would like to remain up here a little longer, and look around you.

"There is the sea, miles away. I am very glad the breeze is not carrying us over the ocean. Once a friend of mine was carried in his balloon over the sea, and he found that unless he descended near land he would be carried away far into the ocean, and die. What did he do? Why, he came down."

"Into the water?"

"Yes. He saw a fishing-smack sailing about, and when he knew they were watching him he opened the valves just like this, as I am doing now with this string. The gas is now leaving the balloon, and any fire would explode it. My friend let out the gas and fell into the sea.

"The wind blew his balloon along, and the car was nearly under water. Of course he was drenched with salt water, and the balloon suddenly broke away from the car, and went off tumbling about. The car was sinking when the men in the fishing-smack launched their boat, and pulled to him just in time. He could scarcely breathe, but they took great care of him, and he recovered. There, you have seen and heard something about the balloon haven't you?

"We must be very careful now," continued the "out-of-the-way" person. "There goes the grapnel; it caught in a tree, and here are people running to help us. I will let the gas out, if you will get out. Make haste! Make haste the grapnel is tearing away. Get ready! Jump!"

I leaped into the tree in a hurry, and hurt myself. When I reached the ground, assisted by the men who had come up, I looked for the balloon. It had gone. I turned around and looked in the air. Then I perceived the balloon and the man in it, high, high up, sailing along rapidly with the wind. He had risen up again and gone off out of the way all alone!

HOW THE LETTER WAS FOUND.

BY M. BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.—WHY IT WAS WRITTEN.

DOWN in the kitchen Aunt Susan was as busy as busy could be, making ever so much noise with the pots and pans,

Up in the play-room the children were as busy as busy could be, but they were as quiet as little mice. Down in the kitchen Aunt Susan was thinking about her work; She had quite forgotten the children; and up in the play-room the children had certainly forgotten Aunt Susan, for Bobbie was getting into mischief, and Milly was helping him.

Out of doors the snow-flakes were tumbling down from the sky, one after another, one on the top of the other, as if they never never intended to stop. The children were tired of playing quietly; they had played quietly nearly all the morning; and when Milly said, "Let us play at 'Please to remember the fifth of November,'" Bobbie never stopped to think about being naughty, but crying, "We'll have a bon-fire!" began to make one.

First he put a large piece of paper on the floor, then he put all the clean clothes which Aunt Susan had brought up stairs on the paper, and then he put some of the toys on them. Then he mounted the high chair, reached the match-box from the top shelf of the cupboard, and struck a match.

Of course he did not mean to set fire to the things, but somehow Milly pushed his arm, and somehow all in a minute there was a blaze and a flare, and Milly, not knowing any better, called at the top of her voice, "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Down in the kitchen Aunt Susan's work was nearly finished. All at once she smelt something burning, and, strange to say, this smell came from up stairs; then Aunt Susan heard a cry, and then she ran up stairs just as quickly as ever she could.

After a great deal of trouble the fire was put out and nobody was hurt; but the clothes were spoilt, the toys and the carpet were burnt, and Aunt Susan was tired and worried with the fright.

When Uncle George heard about it at dinner-time he looked very grave. "I am sorry, Bobbie," he said, "but it is no use trying any longer. I am afraid that the letter must be written."

You see, it was not the first or the second time that Bobbie had been in mischief since he and Milly had come to stay with Aunt Susan and Uncle George.

CHAPTER II.—WHAT WAS IN IT.

"I am very sorry to say that I must send Bobbie home. He gets into so much mischief, and leads Milly into trouble. Will you please call for him to-morrow, as you come home from market?"

CHAPTER III.—WHAT HAPPENED TO IT.

Bobbie felt very much ashamed of himself as he stood staring at the letter lying with his uncle's papers on the desk. Even though he blinked and rubbed his eyes, the tears would fall when he thought how disappointed mother would be.

He wondered if his uncle would let him stay if he promised once more to try to be a good boy. He put one of the papers over the letter, to put it out of sight, and then drew back quickly from the table as Milly came into the room in her cloak and hood, ready to go out of doors.

"Be quick, Bobbie," she said. It has stopped snowing, and Aunt Susan says we may go out. Let us play at going to school."

Bobbie felt as if he never wanted to play any more as he slowly walked up stairs. As he came down again, with his hat and coat on, Milly came running out of the parlor with a book in her hand.

"Come to school, Bobbie," she said; "get your books." There was nobody in the room, and as Bobbie fetched a book and strap he looked once more at the desk. But the papers were scattered, some of them were lying on the floor, and the letter was gone. He sighed a deep sigh; then it was too late to ask his uncle to forgive him, and let him stay longer.

Out of doors in the snow, playing with Milly, Bobbie forgot his troubles for a time, and all the afternoon the two children played happily at school. First of all, Milly was the mamma and Bobbie was the little boy, and she held his hand, and took him to the school, which she said was down at the bottom of the field.

Then Bobbie was the master, and gave her lessons out of his book, for Milly soon put away the one she had brought out, and forgot all about it. The time passed so quickly that both children were astonished when the tea-bell rang, and they ran in-doors laughing gaily, with rosy cheeks and bright faces,

They looked so happy together, Aunt Susan felt almost sorry that the letter had been written; and when Uncle George came in, and heard how good the children had been, he seemed sorry too, for he knew that Bobbie's mother would be grieved.

He went into the parlor to put away some papers in his desk, but came back again directly, with the papers still in his hand.

"Bobbie," he said, "have you touched any of the books or papers in my room?"

Bobbie hung his head. "I fetched this book, Uncle George," he said slowly, as he pointed to the one he had used in the game at school.

"Did you not see my blotting-book?" said Uncle George. "Are you sure you did not take any other book?"

"Quite sure," said Bobbie firmly; then he turned to look at Milly, but her chair was empty, for she had slipped down from it, and had left the room.

"Now, Bobbie, speak up; you know something about it. The blotting-book had some papers in it, and I must find it," said Uncle George.

Then he waited a minute, then looked very angry, and walked to the door.

But he stopped suddenly, for just outside he nearly knocked down a very small girl who was coming into the room, hugging a book in her arms, and that small girl was Milly.

"Uncle George," she said; and then, in her excitement, she dropped the book on to the floor, and two pieces of paper and a letter tumbled out of it.

Uncle George began to pick the papers up.

"So you were the robber, Miss Milly. What did you tak—"

Then he stopped, and looked at the letter. Milly began to talk as fast as she could.

"I wanted to play at school; I—"

But Uncle George was not listening to her; he was staring at the letter.

"Do you know what this is, children?" he said, holding it up.

Bobbie stared.

"Why, it is the letter: it hasn't gone," he said, greatly astonished.

"Yes, it's the letter," said Uncle George. "I thought Aunt Susan had posted it, and now it is too late."

"Hurrah!" said saucy Milly. "Then Bobbie won't go."

Bobbie looked up at his uncle.

"I will try not to get into mischief if you'll let me stay, uncle," he said.

Uncle George looked at Aunt Susan, then they both smiled at one another, and then Uncle George tore the letter into pieces, and threw it into the fire. That was what happened to the letter.

ABOUT NAMES.

In the present day many Christian names are used as surnames, and *vice versa*. Johns, James, Andrews, are familiar family names; while the latter are also perpetuated at the font. A certain Judge, for example, christened his three sons Hampden, Russell, and Sidney.

"Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their soul,"

wrote the immortal bard; and it is a sentiment that I am sure the young girls will re-echo from their hearts' depths. We are proud of our names and the honor attached to them; but in earlier days, before the Conquest, they died with their owners. Names did not become hereditary till the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteeth centuries. This was necessary, and the addition of Christian names also, as the population became larger and less isolated.

Some names were given on account of personal peculiarities—Good, Wild, Quick, Short, Little (or Liddell, Silverlook, and so on, and these remain to us still. Many names to be found in the peerage are derived from occupations, notable among them Cooper, Carpenter, Taylor, Portman, Bridgeman, Forester, Gardener, Parker, and Roper. They need no explanation.

An old distich gives the origin of some West country names:—

"By tre (town), ros (heath), pol (church),
caer (castle), and pen (forest),
You know the most of Cornishmen,"

and there are few Cornishmen that do not claim one of those as a component part of their cognomens.

The names of places are far less variable than those of families; the former are almost imperishable; the latter not only get corrupted, but are often exchanged when property has been acquired, and from other causes, though places have given many patronymics. Being of a place, in time its owner came to be called after it.

The history of names is a study that supplies plenty of food for thought. Dawe and Dawson came from David; Goodwin, Godard, Goodred, etc., from Good; Pringle, from Pilgrim. Names ending in "ins" are diminutive, hence Dickins, Hopkins, Watkins, means the child, or younger. Perkin and Parkin are derived from Peter. Children born at the festival of St. John, St. James, or other familiar Saints, were apt to be called after them, and other names were derived from the Christian name of father and mother.

The instances of local English names are curious, Bridge, Chapel, Flood, etc.; and others ending

"In ford, in ham, in ley and tun——"

which according to the verse,

"The most of English surnames run,"

come under that name.

Smith is the most universal, because it was applied not only to Smiths, but to Wheelers, Cartwrights, and all other wrights, whose name were legion.

Names derived from the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms include Beresford, Baring, Bear, Wolfe, Harris or Harrison (from hedgehog in French, Herisson), Rose, Primrose, Steel, Goldsmith, Oak, Elm, Beech, Birch, and Wheat.

There are two names more that I think you will care to remember the meaning of. Adam, the oldest of all, which signifies End, Earth; and John, which is from a Hebrew word, the Lord's Grace. We all have our John in the family.

WHAT man want of reason for their opinions they usually supply and make up in rage.

THE APPEAL.

BY HENRY JAMES SNELL.

Change the decision, fairest maid,
Which exiles me for ever;
Our loves, if 'twined, could never fade;
Then why our fates thus sever?

Say not "farewell" — that heartless word—
The coldest ever spoken;
For, once 'tis utter'd,—once 'tis heard,—
One fond, true heart is broken.

Mine's not a love which smiles to-day,
And frowns on you to-morrow;
Which vows a long eternal May,
And brings December sorrow.

But mine is honest,—fervent,—true,
All full of admiration;
A heavenly passion, that for you
Breathes nought but adoration.

Then turn again; reverse the doom
That keeps me from such treasure;
Bid love to animate life's tomb,
And make existence pleasure.

TELEGRAPHIC BLUNDERS.

"Get rid of Emma at once; exposure imminent." Such were the contents, startling and unexpected, of a telegram opened by the wife of one of our city men during his absence.

How many sighs and tears, how much doubt and anguish resulted, and with what difficulty and persuasion, incredulity was overcome and confidence restored, who shall tell. Suffice it that tears gave way to laughter when it was explained that 'Emma' was the name of a big mine in the West and the mysterious message only a hint to sell out shares in that notorious undertaking.

There was no blunder, telegraphic or otherwise, in the transmission of the above message, but it will serve as an example of the ambiguity of the modern business telegram. Nine out of ten of the messages passing to-day between business houses are so abbreviated, so full of technical terms, as to be an absolutely unknown language to any one outside the particular business concerned.

There is no occasion whatever to condemn this practice; indeed, the manifold advantages secured by the use of abbreviated or code telegrams, principally as regards economy and secrecy, immeasurably outweigh the disadvantages of occasional misunderstandings. It must, however, be admitted that a slight telegraphic blunder which would not affect the sense of a plainly worded message, might entirely obscure or ambiguous one. The person who despatched the comforting assurance, 'made all right,' could not of course, foresee that the failure of two little signals would transform his message into the alarming statement, 'mad all night;' but the economist who condensed the same meaning into the single word 'settled' could not loudly complain that the message as delivered contained the unmeaning and somewhat irritating word 'nettled.'

The blunders of the telegraph arise from more than one cause. In addition to those produced by indistinct or illiterate writing, a very large number are due to mechanical or electrical faults in the apparatus or on the line. The Morse code or alphabet, by means of which the pulsations of the electric current are read, is, as most people are aware, composed of dots and dashes, or rather short and long signals, combinations of which in different orders and quantities form the letters of the alphabet.

These signals are liable to mutilation in three ways: by 'failing,' or the loss of a signal; by 'sticking,' or the running together of two signals; and by 'splitting,' or the breaking up of one of the signal into two or more. To illustrate this, let us take the letter 'R,' which is expressed by a dot, a dash, and a dot - — · By the accidental omission of the first or last dot, it would become either — -N, or · —A. By the running together of two signals it would again, although not perfectly, become — N, or - —A, while the splitting up of a dash would transform it into H · · · · When it is remembered that all of these faults may be, and occasionally are, present at the same time, the mystery of some telegraphic blunders is explained.

A few years ago a message was received at a certain town in the north of England addressed, 'The Chief Baconstable.' Unfortunately, the contents afforded no clue to its destination, and after going round to all the Baconiscors in the town, it was reported as 'undelivered.' Speedily came the corrected address, 'The Chief Constable.'

In this case the hyphen between the two words being badly signalled was translated 'Ba' and tacked on the next word. This family signalling, or, as it is technically called, 'bad spacing,' is another fruitful source of error. In conjunction with a badly written letter, it produced the address 'Mice Gavern,' instead of 'Mitre Tavern;' and in transmitting the report of a lecture on 'Poetry,' made the lecturer refer with enthusiasm to the 'tender melody of cats,' which should, it is scarcely necessary to add, have read 'Keats.' Another lecturer, dealing with the 'Growth of happiness,' had the title converted into the 'Groans of happiness'—a somewhat peculiar error, but one well within the bounds of possibility.

A well-known refreshment caterer in Manchester received an order from a school manager for four hundred beans. This order he transferred to a greengrocer, and it was only on inquiry being made as to the real quantity required, that an error was discovered. The original order was for four hundred buns.

A student, anxiously awaiting the result of an examination, was not relieved from suspense on receipt of a telegram containing words, 'First or last.' Luckily, a repetition of the message corrected this, substituting the gratifying intelligence, 'First on list.'

A gentleman telegraphed to his servant, 'Get me good seat theatre to-night,' and was not very well pleased on his arrival to find an orthodox theatre hat provided, but no seat.

During a meeting of the British Association some years ago, a sermon was preached by a reverend servant. The preacher's text, as reported by telegraph, was taken from 'The Acts of the Apostles,' and one of his sentences read, 'the soups of just men, made perfect.'

Who has not heard or read of the party telegraphing for his coat and receiving a cow, or of the gentleman absent from home, informed of the birth of a box! Here are, however, other versions of these cases, rather more circumstantial, although probably not more authentic.

A reporter absent from home on business, wires for his new coat. Reply: "What do you mean by neat cow? Don't understand your message."

It is, however, in dealing with press or newspaper work, in which the dangers of indistinct writing are enhanced by the system of abbreviations used by reporters, that the great majority of telegraphic blunders are committed.

Grains of Gold.

You can reach stupidity only with a cannon ball.

Experience teaches slowly and at the cost of mistakes.

To be rash is to be bold without shame and without skill.

Do you know what duty is? It is what we exact of others.

To be personally great is to forget all personal greatness.

To be vain of our position is to disclose that we are below it.

Revenge is always the weak pleasure of a little, narrow mind.

We put too much faith in systems, and look too little to men.

Much reading is like much eating,—wholly useless without digestion.

Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

The pleasures of one age are not pleasures in another, and their lives fall short of our own.

As the happiness conferred by grateful appreciation and glad responsiveness is as real as any that exists, whoever grudgingly withholds it is as really selfish in so doing as the miser who clutches his gold when men are starving around him.

Love has all variations in its quality, from the selfish and self-seeking passion that in its sacred name would sacrifice the happiness and the welfare of its object, up to the purest affection of the devoted mother who would secure the good of her child at any personal cost.

Happiness is like manna. It is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day; it will not keep; it cannot be accumulated; nor need we go out of ourselves or into remote places to gather it, since it is rained down from Heaven at our very doors, or rather within them.

The noble and the pure are fond of the home of their childhood and of those who sat with them round its old fireplace. That man is to be distrusted who loves not his brother; and the woman who loves not her sister is, except in rare peculiar instances, a woman who is not herself beloved.

Femininities.

With women tears are oftentimes only moistened joy.

The latest adornment of the hats of ladies is butterflies.

Maud Howe advises young ladies to make their engagement as brief as possible.

Only believe half of what you hear that great people say; only believe half of what you hear that little people do.

The Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Cleveland had tables at the recent bazar for St. Mary's Hospital in New York.

An English literary statistician has discovered that of the 562 heroines in last year's novels, 372 were blondes and 190 brunettes.

The Duchess of Albany, widow of the Queen's invalid son, took a regular course as hospital nurse, and has received her diploma.

Worcester, Mass., has a spineless girl who can sleep only with her body bent backward into a circle and her feet crossed under her chin.

Mrs. Natalie Thumin, of Boston, proved herself a plucky woman recently by beating off two burglars, who entered her house and attempted to chloroform her.

A woman at Danville, Ind., the mother of two children, sold a bed which had been given her by an aid society for money with which to pay for a license to marry another man.

A novel matrimonial event occurred at Galena, Ill., lately, a mother and daughter both being married at the same time, the grandmother of the junior bride acting as bridesmaid.

"In order to obtain small, delicate hands, when in repose let them dangle at your side," says Miss Jenness. "Holding one's hands up makes the veins swell and induces a large, coarse development."

A doll show for the benefit of the new hospital for women is about to take place in London. There will be prizes for the best dressed dolls in the different classes, and afterward the dolls will be sold for the good of the cause.

He ought to be able to write a feeling essay on "Woman's Influence"—we mean that young Chicago gentleman who was "held up" and robbed a few nights ago in his native city by an enterprising female footpad.

Mme. Le Roy, mother of the Duc d'Abrantes, of France, is one of the most intrepid explorers of the day. She has been several months in the East, and suffered much privation while visiting Babylon and Nineveh.

A man in this city has supplied a long felt family want in the shape of snore preventer. Snoring, or stertorous breathing as it is technically known, is one of the nuisances of the human race. Many families have been broken up by it.

A medical authority, Dr. Munde, says that the imprudent act of getting out of bed without protecting the feet has caused more disease to women previously healthy than could result from any other imprudence. The sudden exposure of the feet to cold has brought on many an attack of cellulitis.

A bad daughter seldom makes a good wife. If a girl is ill-tempered at home, snarls at her parents, snaps at her brothers and sisters, and shirks her ordinary duties, the chances are ten to one that when she gets a home of her own she will make it wretched.

A "Congress of Beauty" is to be held in Rome this month. Only Roman ladies of the strict four grand branches, viz., brunette, blonde, auburn red and flaxen, will be allowed to compete, and they must be within the ages of 15 and 25. There will be only two prizes, the first $2,000 and the second $1,000.

Living on a claim eight miles north of Rocky Ford, Col., is Emma Aiken and her three daughters. All three ladies are widows. The mother is 90 years of age, the eldest daughter 68 and the youngest 64. Not a man has ever been employed about the place, and during their two years' residence they have done all of their own work and truck gardening.

An attempt is being made to introduce a new dance, as the people must not have the polka, and the waltz is really monotonous when it occurs too often. The new thing is this: "Four paces are made as though a march were intended, and then each gentleman embraces his lady, and waltzes with her for four bars, at once resuming his solemn pacing when he has given his partner a quartette of twirls.

Twin sisters celebrated their 77th birthday anniversary at Ipswich, Mass., recently. A local paper states that so remarkable was their resemblance to each other that the parents were often called upon to distinguish them to visitors. Their tastes were also similar and have been so through life, and even at the age of 77, it is said, they dress alike and have a likeness to each other which is unusual, even in twins. Both began life as workers in the old Ipswich lace factories, and were equally skilful in their art.

Queen Marguerite, of Italy, is not fair, but she is fat and forty. As a rule, to which there are few exceptions, the royal families are not models of physical beauty. The Count de Paris looks like an amiable green grocer, Queen Victoria like a prosperous middle-class woman, the Prince of Wales like a good-natured convivant. The Queen of Italy affects literary tastes, but her success as an amateur author has not been very brilliant, for the story goes that, having written a story, she sent it to one of the Italian journals, under an assumed name, and that it was declined with thanks.

A "widow" in Utica, N. Y., upon answering the door bell on a recent afternoon, was startled at the appearance of a full-bearded man, who recalled to her memory visions of her early married life, and then caught her in his arms and showered kisses upon her still handsome face. It was her first husband, Arnold, who after an absence of 25 year, had come back to ask forgiveness and be reinstated as the head of the family. The couple are now living happily together and intend removing to Arnold's home in Indiana in a few days. The wife had long thought her husband dead.

Masculinities.

Most men need more love than they deserve.

The greatest wealth is contentment with little.

A loafer hates work, but he likes to see it going on.

Love, when it visits old men, is like sunshine on snow—it is more dazzling than warming.

When a man is not properly trained he is the most savage animal on the face of the globe.

When a young man loses his heart to some girl, he usually loses his nerve at the same time.

Clean up your alley now and you can sit on the fence and advise your neighbor when to clean his.

The two things that honest people never excuse, under any circumstances, are thievery and insincerity.

In a vain man the smallest spark may kindle into the greatest flame, because the materials are always prepared for it.

The sympathies of people are always with the unfortunate, because the people know they are so liable to be unfortunate themselves.

Satires and lampoons on particular people circulate more by giving copies in confidence to friends of the parties, than by printing them.

You are always saying that your friends desert you at the time you need them most, but they do exactly what you have been doing all of your life.

Every one should have eight hours' sleep, and pale, thin, nervous persons require ten, which should be taken regularly, in a well ventilated room.

When you are sitting in an opera house making fun of the people in front of you, do you ever think that there may be people behind you making fun of you in the same way?

An Americus, Ga., negro is starving himself to death after three efforts to kill himself by poisoning, all because his affections have been trifled with by a dusky damsel of Cuthbert.

Charles Milton Gray, of Chicago, is willing to go around the world on horseback if the Government will foot up the horse and expenses and give him some sort of official recognition.

Shoe dealer (to young widow, who is hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers): "Are you looking for number two, ma'am?" Young widow, blushing: "Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man, sir?"

Ex-King Milan of Servia occupies his leisure time in gambling, and has now lost large sums at Monte Carlo. Accordingly, he is most depressed, and talks of suicide as the only way out of his troubles.

Johnny—"How many days are there in a year, papa?" Mr. Binks: "Let me see. Your mother was born in '48 and she is now 38 years old. Three times five is 15, one to carry—oh, ah! Yes, there are 462 days in a year."

"The older I grow," says Lowes, "the more clearly I see that intellect is not the highest faculty in man, although the most brilliant. Goodness, loving kindness, and quiet self-sacrifice are worth all the talents in the world."

A gentleman went to keep a written appointment in Wall street with a broker whom he did not know by sight. Seeing a forlorn-looking gentleman seated in the office, he said: "I beg pardon, sir, are you the broker?" To which the other promptly replied. "No, sir, I'm the feller that got broke!"

James Hines took up a "quiet claim" in Arkansas. He was warned off, but decided not to go, and he held out for three years. During that time he was shot at 31 times, wounded four times, had his cabin set on fire twice, his wife was driven to suicide and his boy ran away, and at last the man grew weary and hanged himself.

A young man whose firm sent him to Louisville to look after their interests after the recent cyclone, returned in due time. In his expense account was an item that read like this: "Carriage, $45." The young gentleman felt embarrassed when a member of the firm asked, "What did you do with the carriage? Did you fetch it home with you?"

Clara: "I thought you had decided that everything was over between you and Harry, and yet you've been sitting there for over an hour thinking of him." Maud, dejectedly: "Well, I can't make up my mind whether it would be better to use him for breach of promise, or to make up with him, marry him, and then sue for divorce and alimony."

A burglar named Heine, while being taken from Louisville to Eddyville, Ky., to work on a prison contract, escaped from the train in a daring manner. He walked forward to the car to get a drink of water. When near the door he seized the guard, choked him to insensibility, and, with another convict who was helping him, jumped off the train and disappeared in the darkness.

Says Chauncey Depew: "As to sitting down with thirteen at table, that is one thing I would not do. But I respect the superstition, not because I am superstitious, but because I do not want to feel uncomfortable. Three times in my life have I been one of a dinner party of thirteen. On each occasion one passed the joke to another that he or she would be the victim. In every instance one of the guests died within the year. So, in my experience, the truth of the adage was proven."

Lots of advice has been given to smokers, but in a cigar store you will notice that two out of three men will cough while lighting cigars. When you are about to smoke cut off the mouth end of the cigar, put the smoke end in the mouth and then blow. This expels all the fine particles of tobacco and dust inside the cigar. When you have done this reverse the "torch" and you won't cough when lighting it. Those little bits of tobacco get down your throat and are injurious. More people have been injured by swallowing these little specks than you have any idea of, yet they think they were hurt by inhaling the smoke.

Recent Book Issues.

"La Bete Humaine," Emile Zola's latest and most powerful novel, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city, and is by far his best and most finished romance.

Rowell & Co.'s "American Newspaper Directory," New York, for 1890 is issued and is a most comprehensive work. There are 17 760 papers published now in the country. The total daily issue amounts to nearly 50,000 000 copies and the total yearly circulation to 3 481 610,00 copies. This vast array is splendidly systematized in this work and advertisers in its facts will find it of inestimable service in making a study of where to lay out money for advertising with the best results.

"Ekkehard, a Tale of the Tenth Century," is a translation in two volumes of a novel by Joseph Victor von Scheffel. This story which was originally published some thirty-five years ago in Germany, has enjoyed a long and deserved favor with those who like to see the past reproduced in fiction with a poetical picturesqueness that is apt to be quite as true to the general life of a people as the more prosaic work of the unimaginative historian. The early middle ages as presented in these volumes are based on faithful studies of ancient monastic chronicles, and have a vigor and glow which the manuscripts on which they are founded could never have possessed. The appearance of the story in its present English dress should secure for it a long lease of life in this country.—Published by W. S. Gottsberger.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The May *Wide Awake* opens with a portrait, Miss Charlotte M. Yonge, the arthur of "The Heir of Redclyffe," and Oscar Fay Adams describes his visits with her at Otterbourne. "The Baby's Masquerade" is a humorous story by Louise Stockton, and other stories are "Apple Blossoms," "A Long Horror," the latter being a true sketch by Mrs. Fremont; "The Monitor of Grammar School 11," and "Cow-Bells of Grand Pre." The serials by Mrs. Catherwood and Mr. Stoddard end satisfactorily. Among the illustrated papers are "The Aprons of Paris," by Josephine Jenkins, "The Upper Ten," by Eleanor Lewis, and "Japanese Kites," by Ensign Bernadon. Mrs. White's paper on "Stenographers and Type-Writers" will interest many young women, as will Mrs. Claflin's "Margaret-Patty Letter," also. A paper on "Spelling," by Granville B. Putman, gives matter for serious consideration. "Men and things" is delightfully readable. The poems of the number are "Victor Hugo and the Mouse," by Theron Brown; "What Baby Knows," by Esther B. Tiffany; "The Unbidden Guest," by Celia Thaxter, and "The Fairy Prince," by Marian Douglas. D. Lothrop Company, publishers, Boston.

OLD LACE.—Many of our girls do not know why old lace is often so much more valuable, and generally so much more beautiful, than new. The fact is that the valuable old lace is all woven in lost patterns. It is frequently as fine as a spider's film, and cannot be reproduced. The loss of patterns was a severe check to lace making in France and Belgium, and was occasioned by the French revolution. Before that, whole villages supported themselves by lace-making, and patterns were handed down from one generation to another. They were valuable heir-looms, for the most celebrated weavers always had as many orders as they could execute in a lifetime, and they were bound by a solemn oath to work only for certain dealers. When the Reign of Terror began, all work of this kind was interrupted for a time. After the storm had subsided, the dealers and workers were far apart—some dead, some lost, and some escaped to foreign lands, and such of the women as remained were bound by their oath to work for but one; and this oath, in spite of Robespierre's doctrines, was held by the poorest of them to be binding, and there were instances where they suffered actual want rather than break their word. Some, however, taught their children and their grandchildren, and many patterns were in this way preserved. Some of the daintiest and finest patterns were never recovered, and to-day specimens of these laces are known to be worth their weight in gold.

It isn't only laying hold of a rope—you must go on pulling.

EASE YOUR COUGH by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure and helpful medicine for the Throat and lung ailments, and a curative for Asthma.

MEANING OF MOLES.

IT IS NOT alone by the planets, by the lines on our hands, by our handwriting, or by the location and magnitude of our cranial bumps and depressions that our characters or destinies are told. There are people, even in this nineteenth century, who actually believe that similar information is imparted by the moles which many individuals have on different parts of their anatomy.

When, for instance, one finds that the presence of a black mole under a woman's left ear indicates that she "run's a risk of having her throat cut from jealouay," and that a person who has one under the right arm, and near the armpit, is "in danger of being poisoned by mischance," the subject seems to assume an importance which, probably, few persons have hitherto attached to it.

Disaster in love affairs, we find, is indicated by a mole on a woman's left hand, on the left elbow, or on the left cheek. Should there be a honey-colored mole near her left temple, a woman will be "unlucky in her affections;" though in order, apparently, to counterbalance her trials in this respect, she may look forward to having good health.

One that is on the left ear, without being black (in which case the throat cutting business already referred to comes in), signifies that she will incur "danger and perplexity for her credit's sake." If, on the other hand, there should be a mole on the right side of the upper lip, she "will marry happily, live long, and have many children," and if it is on the right side of the chin there is a prospect of "marriage with some one much loved, good health, and long life." Good fortune in marriage is shown by a mole in the centre of the breast, or a deep mole in the right cheek of a woman; whilst the maiden who sees one on her right eyebrow when she consults her looking glass may expect to secure a rich husband.

A mole on the right cheek indicates happiness in marriage—just the contrary of a mole on the left cheek—whilst should there be one on each, the matter will be compromised by the possessor marrying happily "after preliminary troubles." Success in a woman's love affairs is also indicated by her possession of a mole under her right arm, provided it is not near the armpit. Singularly enough, a mole in the same situation on a man's arm shows that he "will have good fortune with four-footed beasts," and "may be successful in farming or on the turf." It might, therefore, be suggested to patrons of horse racing that before they run any heavy pecuniary risks they should turn up their shirt sleeves and look if they happen to possess a mole on their right arm.

Another instance in which the significance of a mole varies according to sex is seen in the mole on the collar bone, which should convince a man that he is "a slave to love," and a woman that she "will be beloved by her superiors in station, and grow rather vain glorious in consequence." The woman who has one, instead, on her right side will be better pleased, for she is to be "a good wife, who, by her wit and ingenuity, will help her husband in his profession." If she has a mole on the calf of the left leg, she may anticipate an unsettled life and much travelling, probably marrying a foreigner; and she may also expect to go out of the country and marry a foreigner if the mole should be on the right leg or foot.

The same is also the case with a man. There, too, a mole on a man's left hand foretell's "ill luck with horses or cattle," and a light-brown one on the left side of the tip of the nose, "much love of women, and danger of getting into trouble thereby." A woman who has a mole on her left shoulder is of a "coquettish nature, and likely to be talked about by reason of her many attachments;" and another whose mole happens to be in the corner of her right eyelid is told that she loves admiration and flirtation.

A mole on the upper lip, to the right side of the mouth, should convince a woman that she will abound in wealth and be vehemently beloved; though if it should be a black one, then the fates will have ordained for her that she shall be "subjected to scandal from false friends." Either a man or woman who has a mole on the nape of the neck will be "in danger of falls from high places," and would, apparently, do well to avoid a journey to the top of the Eiffel Tower in the event of paying a visit to Paris.

We have a number of other signs and significations on the list we have compiled, but enough have been given to suggest the idea that experts in this, as we suppose, latest form of telling character and forecasting the future, must have planned out the entire human body, in much about the same way as phrenologists map out the cranium, marking it into sections and subsections after the fashion of a plaster of Paris phrenological bust, with "chart" so drawn up that the significance of a particular mole can be told as readily as that of a particular bump.

Singularly enough there seems to be no lack of people who belive in this mole delineation—judging, that is, from the number who write to consult the oracle as to the import of those they have discovered on themselves.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.—The marriage customs in some parts of Brittany are very curious. In Cornouaille, for instance, the village tailor is the important personage to whom the candidate for matrimony applies for a list of eligible girls. Having selected one, the tailor at once proceeds to the maiden's father, carrying a wand broom—which gives him the title of Bazvalan, the name of the plant. He is dressed for the occasion in official stockings, one of which is of violet color and the other red, and with him are the suitor and his nearest relative. Whilst the family chiefs are making their arrangements, the lovers retire to the other end of the house and discourse their own "sweet music." It is necessary that the engaged pair themselves should put an end to the term of the negotiation. They approach, holding each other by the hand, to the table where their respective parents or relatives are seated, when bread, wine, and brandy are brought in. The young man and the maiden eat with the same knife and drink out of the same cup; and the day for union is then agreed upon.

LEATHER.—An extensive leather dealer, of London, now travelling in this country, says that never before was there such a craze in London for queer leather as at the present time. He adds: "All kinds of skins, from elephant's to frog's, are pressed into service to meet the demands of the fashionable. Some of our shops are stocked with a supply of fancy articles that are made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes. These queer objects are displayed in the windows, where their appearance attracts wondering crowds. Made up into various articles are yellow pelican skins, lion and panther skins, buffalo skins, fish skins, monkey skins, snake skins, and the coverings of almost every living thing known. They are tanned and sometimes colored with blue, gray or red. I think it looks hideous too see a pretty English girl walking along the street swinging a porte-monnaie made of the scaly hide of a boa constrictor. But it's fashion's order, you know."

SUICIDE.—According to a recent Japanese return it appears that the great majority of persons committing suicide in Japan are over fifty years of age. Next on the list come persons between twenty and 30 years of age. Of these the greater number turn their backs on the world in consequence of disappointed love. For suicides of all ages July is the favorite month. During the period of six years, from 1883 to 1888 inclusive, the number of suicides in in the month of July ranged from 500 to 800, while the number during the remainder of the year averaged from 200 to three hundred only.

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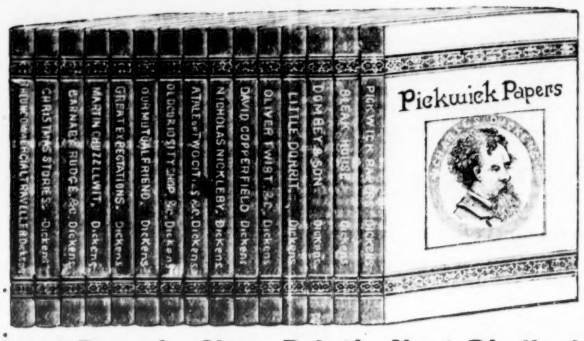

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The Saturday Evening Post,

726 Sansom St., Philadelphia. Pa.

Humorous.

NONSENSE VERSES.

He thought he saw an Elephant
That practised on a flfe;
He looked again, and found it was
A letter from his wife.
"At length I realize," he said,
"The bitterness of Life!"

He thought he saw a Buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece;
He looked again, and found it was
His Sister's Husband's Niece.
"Unless you leave this house," he said,
"I'll send for the Police."

He thought he saw a Rattlesnake
That questioned him in Greek;
He looked again, and found it was
The middle of Next Week
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that it cannot speak!"

He thought he saw a Banker's Clerk
Descending from the bus;
He looked again, and found it was
A Hippopotamus.
"If this should stay to dine," he said,
"There won't be much for us!"
—H. CARROLL.

True to the last—A well made boot.

He: "I like seats with arms." She: "So do I."

Invariably seasonable — Salt, mustard, pepper, vinegar.

With whom do mermaids probably flirt? —With swells of the ocean.

A party question—"What time do you think they will have supper?"

Curious. There are no counts in this country, and yet every man counts.

He: "Darling, will you love when I'm gone?" She: "Yes, if you are not too far gone."

Fashionable ladies are not fond of hard work, and yet they know what a toilet is to dress for dinner.

Teacher: "Tommy, how is the earth divided?" Tommy: "Between them that's got it and them that wants it."

Bill Nye says: "The peculiar characteristic of classical music is that it is really so much better than it sounds."

Teacher: "Anonymous means without a name; write a sentence, showing you understand how to use the word." Small girl writes: "Our new baby is anonymous."

A company of settlers, in naming their new town called it Dictionary, because, as they said, "that's the only place where peace, prosperity and happiness are always found."

Some one asked an old lady about a sermon: "Could you remember it?" "Remember it? La, no. The preacher couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."

"Well, doctor, how did you enjoy your African journey? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they are very kind-hearted people; they wanted to keep me there for dinner."

Mr. O'Rafferty: "An' what did your brother think was the rale cause of his death?" Duffy: "Me brother niver knew the rale cause of his death, as no inquest was held on him."

The Court: "What is your age, madam?" The plaintiff. "Must I answer?" The Court. "You must." The plaintiff: "Why, Judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves!"

Lawyer drawing will: "Your estate is much smaller, sir, than is generally supposed." Sick man: "Yes, but keep that quiet until after the funeral. I want a good show of grief-stricken mourners."

Crush a letter of the alphabet—oh, how sorrowful it becomes! Set fire to it, and its joy knows no bounds. Cut it in halves, and you have lost it for ever. Answer: D-pressed, d-lighted, d-parted.

"Now, Alice, dear, I must make a confession. My family is not as perfect as I should like it—I have several very unpleasant aunts and uncles and cousins." "Hush, Tom, don't say a word—so have I."

Smithkins, indignantly: "This statement in the newspapers about me is a shameful lie." Johnson: "Are you going to demand a correction?" "Well, I think not. The editor might print the truth about me then."

Dog fancier: "Yes, madam, I have all kinds of dogs here. Is there any particular breed that you wish?" Old lady, who reads the newspapers: "Oh, anything that's fashionable! Let me see an ocean greyhound."

Mrs S.: "If woman were given the credit she deserves, I don't think man would be quite so prominent in the world's history." Mr. S.: "I fancy you are right. If she could get all the credit she wanted, he'd be in the workhouse."

Druggist: "What's the matter with you? You seem excited." Clerk: "I sold Mrs. Smiley strychnine instead of potash." Druggist: "Well, if you aren't the most careless idiot I ever saw. You seem to have no idea of the value of strychnine."

"Well, Jack, I gave you a violin on your last birthday; are you making progress?" "Oh, yes, uncle. I can't play very well yet, but I'm surely making progress, for my teacher said yesterday, "My, Jack, there you are again—seven bars ahead."

Hotel clerk to farmer: "Will you register, please?" Farmer: "Will I do what?" Clerk: "Register. Sign your name in this book?" Farmer: "Not much, you feller. Ye don't git me to sign my name on no paper. I've been beat once, and that's enough."

Guest, in Chicago hotel: "Who owns this hotel?" Waiter: "Mr. Blank am de proprietor, sah." Guest: "Glad to hear it. I thought from your actions that the waiters owned the hotel." Waiter: "Oh, no, sah! We don't own nuffin' but de guests."

QUESTIONABLE PRACTICES FOR OBTAINING SLEEP.—Among the various remedies for sleeplessness lately advised is that in which the subject, after taking a deep inspiration, holds his breath until discomfort is felt, then repeats the process a second and a third time, this being, as a rule, enough to procure sleep. A slight degree of asphyxia is thus relied on as a soporific agent, but the theoretical correctness of this method is somewhat open to question.

According to the London *Lancet* there is proof to show that the daily expenditure of oxygen is most active during the waking period, and that nightly sleep appears to coincide with a period of deficient oxygenation; it is at least as probable, however, that other influences are associated with the production and timely recurrence of sleep besides that just referred to.

Further, this plan, however effectual and beneficial in certain cases, is not without its disadvantages, as the tendency of deficient oxygenation is to increase blood pressure and to slow the heart's action; with a normal organ, as an occasional occurrence, this might not be of much consequence, but if the impeded heart should also be impeded by disease, the experiment might be repeated once too often. The theory, on the other hand, which treats of sleeplessness rather as a tendency requiring constitutional remedies, than a symptom of mere brain excitation has much in its favor.

It takes money to be fashionable. The poor man who gets into the swim is liable to get out of his depth.

As Unequaled Triumph. An agency business where talking is unnecessary. Here are portraits of Miss Anna Page of Austin, Texas, and Mr. Jno. Bonn of Toledo, Ohio. The lady writes: "I do business at almost every house I visit. Every one wants your grand **photograph** album, and were I deaf and dumb I could secure orders rapidly. The man writes: "Your magnificent album is the greatest of all bargains; the people generally are wonderstruck and order at sight. The orders taken last week pay me a profit of over $3 a day. This is the chance you have been looking for. You can make from $5 to $25 and upwards every day of your life. Talk not necessary. You can make big money even though you don't say a word. Our new style album is the grandest success ever known, and the greatest bargain in the world. Double size—the largest made. Bound in richest, most elegant and artistic manner, in finest silk velvet plush. Bindings splendidly ornamented. Insides charmingly decorated with most beautiful flowers. It is a regular $10 album, but it is sold to the people for only $2. How can we do it? It is the greatest hit of the times; we are manufacturing 500, 600, and are satisfied with a profit of $1 on each. Agents wanted! Any one can become a successful agent. Extra liberal terms to agents. We publish a great variety of Bibles and testaments, also subscription books and periodicals. Agents wanted for all. Our agents are always successful. We do the largest business with agents in America, and can give larger value for the money and better terms than any other firm. Particulars and terms for all of above mailed free. Write at once and see for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., BOX 508, PORTLAND, MAINE.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Oak Lodge Thorpe,
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I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
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INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 7's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

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These are the two price extremes—30 35 and 40c between. About 300 styles colorings all told.

All the widths and styles in the Black Hemstitched Grenadines are plenty once more—1¼, 2, 2½, 3, and 4 inches. $1 75

More than one hundred fresh styles of Linen Lawns at the counter now. Handsomer than ever—if possible. 20, 25 30, and 40c.

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Satin striped d'esprit is one of the most popular fabrics for dancing skirts. The skirt is gathered so full over a finely shaped gored foundation of silk or satin, that it bears the not inappropriate name of ballet skirt.

The handkerchiefs now in vogue are very dainty and artistic. Hand wrought upon Indian linens they seem like cobwebs woven into graceful floral devices. Lace-edged handkerchiefs are rarely seen just now, but their popularity will soon be renewed, for they can never remain long in retirement while there is such a thing as feminine taste.

Lilac blossom is the name of a new French perfume. The odor of the blossom is so perfectly reproduced that one imagines a spray of lilac is somewhat near. Like pond lily and frangipanni this perfume is densely sweet, and therefore is not agreeable to everybody.

The color of the perfume is a faint lilac, and the pretty little bottles are tied up with lilac ribbons.

For wear in the house and for visiting, a gown of smoke gray damask woven mohair, with an ivory white surplice vest, and a facing of the white beneath or between the kilt gore plaits of the new skirt, is very charming. The girdle is of dull silver braid set closely upon a foundation of white, and the collar and the elbow sleeves are of braid. The bottom of silk facing upon the gore is crossed with braid a half yard up from the bottom with artistic effect.

Smocking, a garniture of great age, is well adapted to the stuffs chosen for these garments which are almost invariably of wool; velvet or silk may be combined with them, but the "cloth of frieze" is considered smartest. The colors chiefly noted are gray, warm brown, red, black, and army blue, and the reason that they are chosen is that they have an antique appearance, as though they might have been produced before the craft of the dyer had reached its present state of artistic perfection.

The jacket basque with a surplice vest and sleeves much wrinkled above the elbows, and also the directoire jacket basque to wear over a blouse or vest are being made up in marked contrast to the color, material and weave of the skirt, dressy effects being thus arranged without additional expense. If desired the vest may be like the skirt in tint or texture, but it will usually be wholly unlike either the upper or lower part of the dress.

Basques showing effects similar to those just mentioned may be stylishly united with new or worn skirts, and are particularly effective with some of the latest skirt designs. The latter have no draperies, and are kilted or box plaited in front and sides, and gathered at the back; they are devised to hang gracefully either under a directoire coat, with one of the new half-long close coats with vests, or only a basque. Ribbon decorations are popular for kilt and box plaited draperies, those having a fancy border or uniting two shades being preferred.

To be placed upon some of the handsome dinner and visiting gowns made in the directoire fashion, are handsome buttons of two sizes for coats and waistcoats. Among these, old coins of Henry VII, Queen Elizabeth, and William the Conqueror are copied, and there are reproductions of old Paris guild medals in copper, amalgam, mixed silver, and platina; faceted steel is combined with pearl and also forms stars of three or five points.

Silver and dull gold buttons are used with the garnitures with which they correspond, and the new reds and brown have their counterparts of color in XV buttons made of copper and gold and bronze metal. The demand for buttons under the present styles of draped and covered corsages is not great. But when they are required in certain styles of gowning they are of the richest and most artistic pattern that can be found, and special kinds have been manufactured for special elegant purposes.

Black grenadines are revived for next summer's dresses, and in order that they may rival the net and lace dresses that have so long displaced them, they are made more beautiful by introducing colors, in several designs of flowers all over the fabric, or else the plain black canvas grenadine is wide enough for the length of the skirt, and is bordered near one selvage with metallic strips of copper, gold or silver. Other dress patterns have a flowered border in the natural colors of the blossoms and leaves that will make beautiful trimming. All black striped borders of bengaline are very handsome for those who object to colors, and there are other grenadines with irregular stripes of repped silk lengthwise on the whole surface, while still others have fussy silk polka dots like fur on a canvas woven ground.

The special feature in silk stockings is the very narrow ribbed stripe, so narrow that it is impossible to discover that it is a stripe without looking quite close. It has the appearance of shot silk, or rather, of one color laid over the other. The mixture of color combined in this peculiar way is very novel and very effective. Tan and black is an admirable mixture, so is cardinal and black. All sorts and tones and colors are combined so that these stockings can be got to harmonize with any dress and shoes.

A stylish closely fitted coat of costume depth double-breasted, and showing a Princess back, was lately made up of beige colored fine cloth, with sleeves, large pockets-laps, and a high military collar of nut brown velvet. The fronts are underfaced four or five inches with velvet, and in this instance a little extra collar is provided that is cut like a yoke square in front and pointed behind, and no deeper on the shoulders than the seams of the coat.

This collar, which may be omitted at pleasure, is of velvet lined with brown satin and brown silk; covered spikes two inches deep are set across its back and front edge. The closing is performed with a pair of large crocheted buttons, and a silk loop at the neck, and crocheted buttons to below the hip line. Two rows of buttons are usual upon double-breasted closely-fitting coats, but with an added collar one row is preferable.

The half long coat with vest and box pockets, developed in soft wool goods of cameiette or costume fabrics is decidedly in the the lead as a late winter or early spring garment. It may be made of a single fabric or of two or three colors or textures. A very pretty coat is of deep-almond or chamois colored wool goods with the vest of ecru corded or armure silk, and the Louis XVI pockets, turnback cuffs, and the facing of the long revers of wood brown velvet. Another coat which will be stylish until the advent of warm weather is of Eiffel red cloth, with accessories of black velvet and silk.

Much passementerie and much embroidery are worn. A new kind of the former has pieces of composition veined like marble in several tints, which blend with the colors in the trimming. Pointed pieces of this class are introduced on the sleeve, the wider portion starting from the shoulder, the points descending to the elbow, and the fronts of the skirts are often trimmed with these points, turning upwards. There are some magnificent brocades issuing from the Lyons factories, many of them with designs of spring flowers. One rich satin ground has stripes formed of crocuses and leaves, with snowdrops scattered at intervals between: the snowdrops, white with green foliage; the crocuses yellow, with green foliage; the ground work tender green, light, pink, or blue. Most of the floral designs—and there would seem to be a feeling for floral designs in preference to any other—are faithful copies of nature. One of the most beautiful I have seen this year, and one which is being despatched to England for Court trains, is an amalgamation of large caladium leaves and fern fronds of various kinds, against a background of palm, exactly as the rank tangled vegetation grows in the tropics, true to the life and very lovely.

Foulards are fashionable in Paris, printed with white skeleton designs, on light grounds. Some extremely pretty fronts of dresses are made in tulle, worked with long loose stitches in floselle, as sunflowers and leaves, or acacia and other blooms—not combined, but one distinct class of flower for each front, which, by-the-bye, is sufficiently wide and important to extend far back to meet the train. Distinct movable trains are often attached to dinner gowns even when they are made short. They are lined with the color used in the trimming. The very short waists ending below the bust have found favor, with many fashionable women, the front of the skirt being full.

Odds and Ends.

HOW A FRENCH COOK DRESSES FISH.

There is a great difference in the American or English and French methods of cooking fish; the latter take much more trouble over it than we do, for where we should boil a fish in salt and water, they generally cook it in a broth made for the purpose, and fish to be broiled is prepared by being laid in a marinade; oil, parsley, onions, herbs, lemon juice, and vinegar are used for this purpose. Then fish is not fried as we ordinarily fry it, with a little fat in the pan; there is enough oil or fat put in to cover the fish, so it is literally boiled in it; this obviates the necessity of turning the fish as it cooks.

It is best fried in a wire basket or in a wire strainer that fits the pan, which should be a good depth. The fish not being in direct contact with the frying-pan, cooks better, and when done the strainer can be raised and the fat drained from it.

I have not thought it necessary in the following recipes to give all the usual directions for cleaning and preparing fish for cooking.

Wine is often used in cooking fish in France. Cider is a good substitute for the light, white wine, and sometimes lemon juice or vinegar can be used. The two first recipes are for broths in which to boil fish.

Court Bouillon au Blanc.—Boil a bunch of herbs, a bay-leaf, parsley, half an onion, some peppercorns, and salt, in water until it is flavored; then strain and add half or one third of the quantity of milk, and then put the fish in to cook. This bouillon is much used for cooking turbot and some other flat fish in.

Court Bouillon au Bleu.—Slice two onions and two carrots, put them in the fish kettle with a small clove of garlic, a bunch of parsley, theme, basil, a bay-leaf, some salt and peppercorns, half a tumbler of vinegar, and a tumbler of red wine (*vin ordinaire*), or some use a light white wine. Add sufficient hot water, boil a few minutes, skin, then put the fish in to cook; as soon as it is done throw in a glass of cold water and leave until the moment of serving.

Salmon au Bleu.—Make enough court boullion not to cover the salmon, put the fish in, let it boil, then draw to the side of the stove and let it simmer gently—for four pounds of salmon about forty-five minutes. It is served with parsley round and with vinaigrette, white sauce with capers, maitre d'hotel, or other sauce according to taste.

Salmon Cutlets.—Place the slices of salmon in some oil with sprigs of parsley, a slice of onion, and some salt; let them remain an hour or more according to their thickness, turn them once or twice, then dip some papers in the oil in which they have been soaked, wrap the cutlets in the papers, and broil them over a slow fire. They will take about half an hour to cook, longer if very thick (or they are taken out of the oil and broiled without the papers.) Serve with tartare or caper sauce.

Salmon a la Remoulade.—Cook some slices of salmon in court boullion, drain them, and remove the skin, place them on a dish, cover remove the skin, place them on a dish, cover them with remoulade sauce. They can be served while the fish is hot, or eaten cold.

Salmon Cutlets a la Bearnaise.—Take some slices of salmon, sprinkle them with salt, then dip them in oil, cover with fine breadcrumbs, and broil about twenty-five minutes. Serve with Bearnaise sauce.

Mayonnaise of Salmon.—Cut in small dice some cooked potatoes, carrots, celery-root, and beetroot, season and mix with a few spoonfuls of mayonnaise; spread a thick layer of this salad on a small dish, raising it a little in the middle; take a piece of cold salmon, remove the skin and bone and cut it in nice slices, all as nearly as nearly as possible the same size; season these with oil, vinegar and salt, and place them on the cut vegetables; fill in the interstices with more of the salad; cover the whole with a thick mayonnaise; decorate the top with fillets of anchovies and with olives and sliced gherkins, place round the edge alternately quarters of hard boiled eggs and cabbage lettuces.

Turbot a la Creme.—Cook together an ounce of butter and an ounce of flour, add half a pint of milk, boil, then add a little cream. Warm some old turbot in some of the broth or water in which it was cooked; remove the skin and bones, and break it into flakes, put in a flat dish in layers, covering each layer with the white sauce; heap it in the centre, let the top layer be sauce; cover with dried breadcrumbs; pour a little oiled butter over, and brown in the oven. Another way is to mix the turbot with the white sauce, make all hot, and put in a vol au-vent case.

Turbot, to boil.—Wash the fish in several waters, then rub it all over with a lemon that you have cut in halves; put milk and water, parsley and and salt in the fish kettle; let it get hot, put the turbot in, let it boil, then draw on one side to simmer. Time according to size. It is served with caper, oyster, or both sauce. Turbot is also cooked au bleu.

It will not do for a man to pray cream and live skim-milk.

Confidential Correspondents.

A. J. T.—The number of miles by water from New York to San Francisco is 15 858. To Cape Horn it is 8 115.

L. B. N.—To keep cider sweet, it is recommended to put into each keg eight tablespoonfuls of white mustard seed.

G. B.—Memnon was a celebrated Egyptian statue, supposed to have the property of emitting a harp-like sound at sunrise.

MARY B.—The great composer Fredrick Chopin has been long dead. He was born near Warsaw in 1810, and died in the autumn of 1849. His style was chiefly remarkable for its originality and a certain weird wildness and often grandeur.

LUCY N.—"Yggdrasil," the great ash-tree of Scandinavian mythology, was said to bind heaven, earth, and hell together. Its tops reached heaven and its roots hell. The three Fates, or "Nornas," sit under this tree, weaving the events of man's life.

C. O. D.—1. Gladys is pronounced as if spelled "Glad-dis. 2. The "Tsar Kolokol" (king of bells) as the great bell in the Kremlin, at Moscow, is called, weighs 443,772 pounds, is nineteen feet three inches in height, and measures sixty feet nine inches about its margin.

E. T. G.—A fine red ink is made as follows: Cochineal, in powder, one ounce; hot water, half a pint; digest, and, when cool, add spirits of hartshorn, a quarter of a pint. Dilute with three ounces of water. Macerate for four or five days, and decant the clear ink.

E. N. W.—According to the laws of etiquette, it is not proper for a young lady to receive presents from a young gentleman, unless he is a relative. A lady may accept the escort of a gentleman to a place of amusement whether she is "keeping company" with him or not.

C. D. N.—Melon seeds are said to retain their vitality from eight to ten years; pumpkins and squash the same; turnip seeds from three to six; asparagus from two to three; and bean, carrot, celery, corn (on cob), onion, tomato, and parsnip the same. Egg plant from one to two years.

A. B. C.—One of the meanings of the word transpire is "to be emitted or sent off through the pores, or by 'insensible' perspiration." In this sense it cannot be used in the same way as sweat, as the latter signifies that which passes visibly through the pores of the skin, or "sensible perspiration."

M. R. V.—Sedlitz water is the product of certain saline springs in Sedlitz, or Sedlitz, a village of Bohemia, near Bilzen. To prepare an artificial Sedlitz water, obsolve from three quarters to one and a half ounces of sulphate of magnesia in three times its weight of water, and after filtering, introduce it into a bottle, to be filled with water charged with carbonic acid gas. As an aperient, it is effective and not disagreeable.

B. B.—Liberia, the independent Negro Republic of Western Africa, was founded by the American Colonization Society in 1823. It has been recognized by the United States and the European powers since 1847 as an independent State. The population consists of about 18 000 emigrants from America and their descendants, and aborigines, numbering in all about 1,050,000. It has a president, secretary of state, postmaster-general, and attorney-general.

J. L. B.—The writer of the Wanamaker advertisements, which have become famous as the most original and artistic ever known in newspaper annals, is M. M. Gillam, Esq., a distinguished journalist of this city. He was for some years editor of "The Philadelphia Record" but left that paper to accept his present position. We do not know, but understand that his salary is by far the largest given to any individual connected with the advertising mediums in the United States.

J. RANEB.—Accordidg to Herodotus, the historian, dentistry appears to have been practised in Egypt at a very early age in the world's history as a distinct branch of surgery. Artificial teeth of ivory and wood, some of which are fastened on gold plates, have been found in Egyptian tombs, and the teeth of some of the mummies display gold fittings. The old Greek and Latin poets, such as Ovid, Martial, and Horace, allude to artificial teeth. The ancient modes of extracting teeth are not described or illustrated with any degree of clearness.

MARJORIE S.—Amber is an exudation of many species of extinct conifers fossilised, and resembles certain gum resins, both in appearance and properties. By friction it becomes electrical, and is popularly supposed to benefit the wearer. There are two kinds—the transparent dark orange colored description is that worn for medical purposes; the other is of a pale straw-color, opaque, or partially so and clouded with white. This latter is the most esteemed, and is found under the sand in the bed of the sea; the dark and transparent kind is found more in the sea-bed. The chief places for obtaining amber are the Baltic and parts of Prussia.

L. D. D.—Do not be misled into the idea that because the young man treats you with gentlemanly gallantry that he is in love with you, and cannot withstand your captivating graces. If such were the case, there seems no valid reason why he should not immediately propose marriage. Let him roam all over the field of acquaintanceship, and do not imagine that the matrimonial bridle can be unknowingly slipped over his head. Display all your good qualities of temper and breeding, thus showing him that you are fit to become the wife of any good man, but for goodness sake desist from throwing yourself bodily at him at every opportunity. This latter course will alienate instead of attract the love of any man possessing a well-balanced mind.

N. W. W.—Having tired of the engagement binding you to the young man, it would be no more than honorable and ladylike to inform him of the change that has come over your feelings, and ask him to grant a release from a contract that has so soon proved irksome to one of the parties making it. It is a species of refined cruelty to accept a man's offer of marriage and then deliberately set it aside; but if he is anything of a philosopher he will accept the inevitable, and thank heaven that such a fickle creature has not drawn him into the matrimonial net beyond recovery. The one who is now basking in the sunshine of your favor will, it is to be devoutly hoped, teach you a lesson in playing fast and loose with the heart of a true man. From the description furnished he has already caused you to be very jealous, and in all probability will add to your discomfort by casting you aside whenever some more attractive female crosses his path. In other words, he will be simply paying you in your own coin.